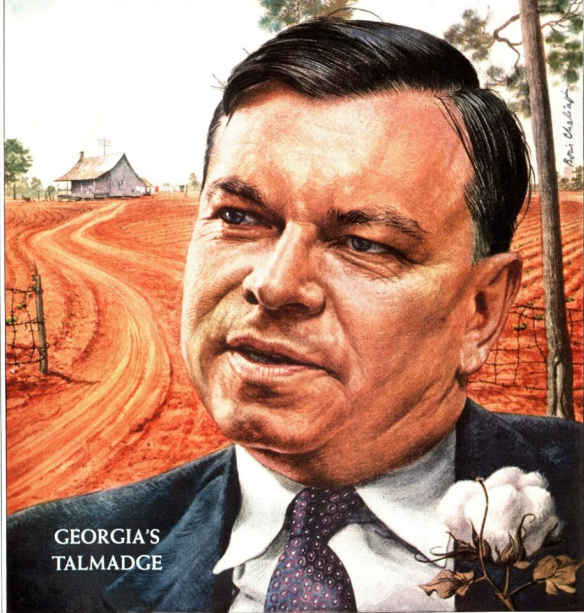


TWENTY CENTS

OCTOBER 15, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



GEORGIA'S
TALMADGE

\$6.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXVIII NO. 16



yield to the lure of tropic romance . . .
of radiant beauty and timeless charm

Hawaii

is so easy to reach, so low in cost . . . Come Now!

Visit the glamorous Islands of Kauai, Oahu, Maui, Hawaii. See your Travel Agent or write Hawaii Visitors Bureau, 2051 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu.



Emerson CREATOR OF MIRACLES IN PORTABLE ELECTRONICS



ALL-IN-ONE **Emerson** PORT-O-RAMA

WORLD'S FIRST 5-WAY PORTABLE TV- PHONORADIO



PORTABLE TV



PORTABLE RADIO



PORTABLE PHONO



FOR USE IN CAR OR BOAT*



UNDER PILLOW OR PRIVATE EAR LISTENER*

It's a portable TV set! It's a portable radio! There's a phonograph and switch for record playing! It plugs into a car! It plays on a boat! For personal enjoyment—there's even an under-pillow or private ear listener. See the new all-in-one Port-O-Rama at your Emerson dealer today. With a Port-O-Rama, your favorite kind of entertainment goes with you anywhere! In Antique White with either Forest Green, Azure Blue, Pacific Coral, Sunset Red or Charcoal Grey. Available in full UHF-VHF channel tuning.

ATTENTION CAR and BOAT DEALERS:
Write for additional information.

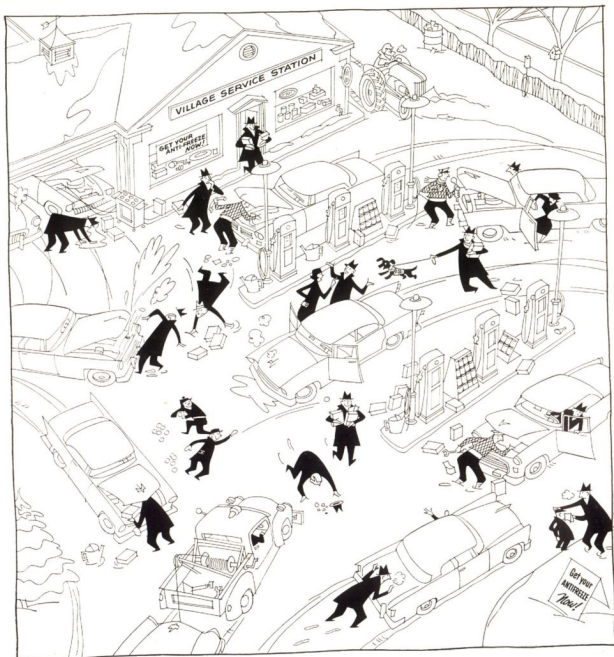
*Optional equipment.
Hearing ear and built-in record player optional.

Complete as illustrated above, including built-in antenna and carrying handle.

\$134

Prices slightly higher in South and West

Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corp., Jersey City 2, N.J., Makers of Television, Radio, Phonographs, Hi-Fi and Air Conditioners.



Famous last words-

"I'll get my antifreeze tomorrow!"

Why go through this again—take steps now!

1. Take your car to your regular serviceman.
2. Give him time for a complete check of the entire cooling system.

3. Ask him to install his company brand of glycol all-winter antifreeze.

Three easy steps right now . . . and you're ready for carefree winter driving!

Dow is a leading producer and supplier of ethylene glycol to the antifreeze industry.

The Dow Chemical Company, Midland, Michigan

DOW



around
one
year...



around
two
years...



around
three
years...



around
four
years...

What are the greatest hazards at these ages?

TODAY, ACCIDENTS are the greatest single hazard of early childhood. In fact, accidents in and about the home take the lives of about 3,000 children yearly in the age group from one to four. Thousands more of our children are injured... and many are permanently crippled... by accidents which might have been prevented.

One way to help safeguard young children is to know something about what a child does at various stages of growth. Around age one, for example, they put practically everything in their mouths. This is why household cleansers, and small objects such as pins and buttons, should be put away.

Age two is the time when the child explores and investigates everything around him. So, potentially dangerous things—such as medicines, knives, matches and electrical equipment—should be kept where a child cannot reach them.

The child of three may have a serious fall, especially when he climbs near windows, on furniture, or goes up and down stairs. Windows should have guards on them. Screens need to be firm and securely fastened. Stairs should always be free of objects on which a child can trip.

Four-year-old children are "runabouts." They should be taught to watch for cars in driveways and to ride their tricycles on the sidewalk.

Children need regular health examinations for correcting defects of vision or hearing that could lead to mishaps. If repeated accidents occur, a special effort should be made to discover the cause.

Children of school age also have many accidents. So, be sure to remind them of the importance of crossing streets properly, obeying traffic lights and equipping and riding their bicycles for safety.

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Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please mail me a free copy of your booklet,
A Formula for Child Safety, 1156-T



Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



"Crossing in less than 5 days is wonderful," Mrs. George Morrison says. "But it's so enjoyable you wish it could go on forever!" She and Mr. Morrison, President of General Baking Co., make their third crossing on the s.s. UNITED STATES.



Mr. Raymond Greilsamer, President, Coty Export Corporation, enjoys a meal to a gourmet's taste selected from a menu prepared by the world's finest chefs. On the s.s. UNITED STATES you dine on the specialties of five continents. Service is deft, but unobtrusive.

US 1 to Europe

World's fastest ship is first in the hearts of an international Who's Who



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Fogarty appreciate the gay house-party atmosphere aboard a fall sailing of the s.s. UNITED STATES. Mr. Fogarty is President of Continental Can Company. Each year more and more knowing travelers choose spring or fall for their sailings to Europe.



Aboard the s.s. AMERICA, President of Westinghouse Electric Company, Mr. Gwilym A. Price and Mrs. Price in their spacious air-conditioned stateroom plan the route of their trip in Europe.

s.s. United States World's fastest liner, sails from New York 12 noon: Oct. 26*, Nov. 13*, Nov. 29*, Dec. 17*, Jan. 23*, and regularly thereafter. Arrives Havre early morning the 5th day; Southampton, same afternoon. *First Class \$350 up; Cabin \$220 up; Tourist \$172 up.* *Also arrives Bremerhaven 6th day

s.s. America Offers extra hours of leisure at sea. Sails from New York Oct. 18, Dec. 1, Dec. 22, Jan. 11, Feb. 1, and regularly thereafter. 5½ days to Cobb, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven. *First Class \$295 up; Cabin \$200 up; Tourist \$165 up.*

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TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1956



America's bright future

For them a bigger, better nation . . . growing steadily.

A better life in which the telephone plays a vital part by
linking communities, shrinking boundaries, aiding industry and commerce.

A brighter future for each new generation.



GENERAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT TELEPHONE SYSTEMS • 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1956



WHAT MAKES CHESSIE'S



RAILROAD GROW?

One of a series telling what Chesapeake and Ohio is doing to make this a bigger, better railroad.

Chessie rides the waves

Earlier this year, Chesapeake and Ohio and two other major coal-carrying railroads, leading coal producers and exporters and the United Mine Workers joined together to form American Coal Shipping, Inc.—a new \$50 million company to assure a stable and continuing movement of American coal for Europe's industrial expansion.

Through its Atlantic port of Newport News, Virginia, C&O currently handles nearly half of America's mounting export of bituminous coal.



Modern ships as big, as swift as many ocean liners speed freight, automobiles and passengers via the Chessie Short-Cut between Michigan and Wisconsin.

Almost 20 million tons will move through this port in 1956 and a new \$3 million pier addition there will further increase C&O's coal handling capacity.

The import of ores through Newport News has increased to five times what it was only two years ago. A new \$8 million bulk cargo pier means that more of the cars which carry coal down to the sea will return loaded with imported ores for America's industry.

But "railroading on water" is not new to Chessie's railroad. C&O's fleet of seven big, fast Trainferries carry trainloads of freight between Ludington, Michigan, and the Wisconsin ports of Milwaukee, Manitowoc and Kewaunee. This year-round Trainferry service across Lake Michigan is a key link in the fast east-west freight service route.

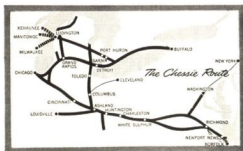
At Toledo, C&O's modern low-level piers handle more coal for movement to Great Lakes ports than any other railroad. Also here, vital iron ore is transferred from lake vessels to railroad cars for inland destinations.

From the Atlantic to the Great Lakes, progressive things are happening all along the C&O. It is this spirit of enterprise guided by sound planning that keeps Chessie's railroad growing and going.

Would you like a portfolio of pictures of Chessie, Peake and their family? Write to:

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

3801 Terminal Tower, Cleveland, Ohio



SOFT AS A SMILE. Impossible to wrinkle, yet luxuriously soft! The amazing one-piece collar on Van Heusen Century Shirts stays neat—*always!* And because it banishes wrinkles *without starch*, it always feels soft. Collar irons flat in one fast stroke . . . flips into perfect place because the fold line is woven right in. This shirt costs no more than ordinary shirts, yet lasts up to twice as long. In five collar styles. White, **\$3.95**. Superfine White, **\$5.00**. Colors, **\$3.95**. Oxford Button-down, **\$5.00**. Shirtmate Tie, **\$1.50**.

The greatest advance in shirts since the fused collar!



VAN HEUSEN CENTURY 300

SOFT COLLAR ON

**VAN HEUSEN CENTURY SHIRTS
WON'T WRINKLE . . . EVER!**

At better stores everywhere or write to Phillips-Jones Corp., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York. Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Swimwear • Sweaters

LETTERS

The Good Man

Sir: There have always been exemplary lives, like Mr. John D. Rockefeller's—masterfully portrayed in *TIME* [Sept. 24]—which show to what heights of ethical and spiritual perfection man is capable of ascending.

ENRIQUE AVILA

San Diego

Sir:

Your story on Rockefeller read like the officially approved biography of Henry Ford and Mary Baker Eddy. *TIME* used to be an organ of sharp, witty criticism rather than a cliché-ridden apologist for a spiked version of the American Dream.

JOHN R. TOWNSEND

Minneapolis

Sir:

Let us suppose that you were the victim of a holdup man, and later on, his son, who accepted the loot, knowing exactly how it was obtained, tossed you a handful of coins. Would you call that charity and would you respect the donor?

G. DEWEY SPIES

San Mateo, Calif.

Sir:

His character is a tribute to devoted and devout parents. His life is an example and an inspiration to the world.

GEORGE EXLINE

Hudson, Ohio

Sir:

You say the Rockefellers read the Bible every morning. I wonder what thought ran through their minds when they came to St. Matthew: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth" (6:19). Did this passage create the guilty feelings that resulted in the philanthropy?

PETER A. KARPOPOULOS

Somerville, Mass.

Sir:

TIME's sentimental, sweet story about superior human, superious Rockefeller showed extremely bad taste. I never read a similar

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to *TIME*, LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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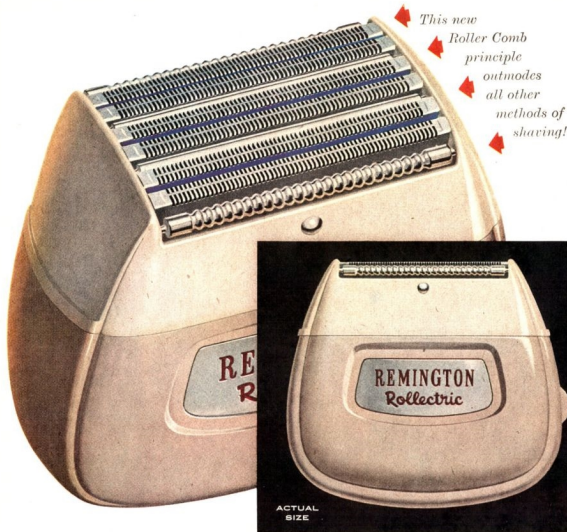
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TIME
October 15, 1956

Volume LX
Number

TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1956



NEW REMINGTON ROLLECTRIC

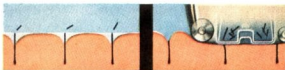
shaves your Hidden Beard !

Here's the first really *new* shaving development since electric shaving first began!

The Rollectric reaches the Hidden Beard other shaving methods miss. (The pictures at right show how the Rollectric does a shaving job never done before.)

The Rollectric's exclusive Roller Comb action also protects tender facial skin, gives a smooth, all-comfort shave every time! It's the world's most powerful electric shaver, too! Yes, the new Remington Rollectric outmodes all other methods of shaving!

The Rollectric comes complete in a handsome suede travel case.



Here's your hidden beard.

Whiskers grow in tiny valleys. Ordinary shavers skin the tops of these valleys—shave only the tops of whiskers. Soon each whisker base grows out and your Hidden Beard can be seen and felt.

Here's how Remington gets it.

The Rollectric's Roller Combs gently press the skin valleys down—pop up whisker bases into path of man-sized shaving head. Each whisker is sheared off at its base—cleanly, comfortably, quickly.

A product of **Remington Rand** division of Sperry Rand Corporation

STETSON First choice of the man on the way up

*the look of
Leadership!*



THE SATELLITE

*From its complementary band to the exclusive
Stetson Selv-Edge, this is a truly new creation.
Beautifully crafted of extra-mellow fur felt. \$15*

THE SATURN

*Another brilliant new model—and a comer!
Its details of hand-craftsmanship are instantly apparent,
culminating in the famous Stetson Selv-Edge. \$15*

Both hats are dashing and dramatic, yet of course in unquestioned good taste, always becoming, at all times correct. Why not treat yourself to a try-on? Other Stetson Hats from \$10.95 to \$100. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Stetson "Cushioned-to-Fit" leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company and its affiliated companies throughout the world.

accumulation of platitudes. It pains me, to be doubtless the worst piece of writing I ever read in your magazine.

HANS RUTHENBERG

Ames, Iowa

Sir:

The only people who cannot look upon the life of John D. Rockefeller Jr. as a composite of kindness, greatness and unselfish devotion to mankind everywhere are those who are unwilling to recognize that some men will always have more than others.

JOHN L. COPPIE JR.

Pittsburgh

How's Adlai?

Sir:

Prior to a boxing match, both fighters are obliged to undergo a thorough physical examination. With the health question such an important issue of the current presidential campaign, why shouldn't both presidential candidates give the public a report on their physical condition? It is entirely possible that Adlai is suffering from a hangnail or fallen arches, unknown to the public. Just how healthy is Adlai anyhow? I, for one, would like to know.

WILLIAM J. GLASER

Faribault, Minn.

Sir:

Am reminded by Stevenson's speeches of the oldtime patent medicine man who used to drive into a town, gather a crowd, and after softening them up with a funny story and a few wisecracks would harangue the crowd with spellbinding oratory that so magnified every itch, twitch and minor pain inherent in every human being that half his listeners thought they had incipient cancer, tuberculosis or at least a chronic ulcer. Stevenson's speeches are filled with the same wisecracks, half-truths, distortions and exaggerations designed to scare the susceptible into believing that the Democratic Magic Elixir is their only hope.

HUGH V. JAMIESON

Dallas

Sir:

Adlai: "How do you expect me to act folks in front of so many people?" [Sept. 17].

Nice that Ike doesn't have to "act" anything. What he appears to be he is. Let acting flourish in the theatrical world where it belongs. Not, Heaven forbid, in the White House.

HELEN SUTOFF

Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

Corruption at Issue

Sir:

Re "The Corruption Issue" [Sept. 24]. Truman's miserable record has nothing to do with this campaign. Now if you could unearth scandal during Stevenson's tenure as governor, the comparison might have some validity.

A. J. SMITH

Baltimore

Sir:

You speak of "deep freezers" and "mink coats," but there was nothing said about Aberdeen Angus cattle, registered hogs and sheep, tractors, chain saws, cultivators and a Crosley with a fringe on top.

T. C. ALMON

Decatur, Ala.

Sir:

When will TIME accept—even grudgingly—the fact that Harry Truman is no longer a candidate for the presidency? Harry and his "rascals" were evicted several years ago. According to TIME's quaint type of thought,

Hot 'n Cold Beverage Center cuts Coffee-Break Time 50%



The new Oasis Hot 'n Cold greatly reduces lost time by serving piping hot water instantly—for on-the-spot enjoyment of instant coffee, chocolate or soups. No going out, no sending out . . . no mess, no unsightly hot plates or other apparatus. The Hot 'n Cold is the clean, fast, inexpensive way to give your workers the morale-building relaxation of the coffee-break, and you retain control. Read what users say:

Saves up to \$20.00 a day! A Pennsylvania Sand & Gravel Company reports "coffee-break time was cut two-thirds"—and the company is saving from \$15 to \$20 a day, thanks to the Hot 'n Cold.

Coffee-Break time cut 1/2! Employees of a prominent Milwaukee Specialty Company save money on coffee—and, according to the office manager, "coffee-break time is more than cut in half!"

Greater worker productivity! With the time out for coffee cut 50%, one of the South's foremost leather companies reports "greater worker productivity because now the workers stay on the job and business goes on as usual!"

Mail coupon for free booklet telling what the coffee-break costs you, how thousands of companies control it, how employees like the convenience and money saving.



Hot 'n Cold Bottle Type with Refrigerated Compartment

Oasis
HOT 'N COLD
WATER COOLER
made in pressure and bottle models
"The Most Complete Line of Water Coolers"

THE EBCO MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. 7-A, Columbus 13, Ohio

Please send the amazing Hot 'n Cold story to:

name _____

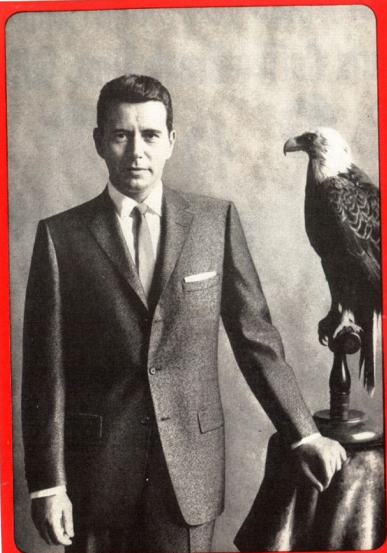
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**every man should
own an Eagle**

To keep abreast of fashion, always keep an Eagle within reach. For in Eagle Clothes, you find the new directions in style. This very day, the better clothing stores throughout the nation are proudly exhibiting Eagle Suits in SILKY WAY worsteds. These are exclusive weaves, a forward-thinking idea that gives you weightless year-round comfort, shimmering new elegance, by blending the luxury of pure silk with the finest of virgin wools. They're tailored by hand with Eagle's 37 years of experience to fit you with ease and genuine distinction. See them now. For free copy of correct dress chart and name of nearest dealer, write EAGLE CLOTHES, 1107 Broadway, New York 10.



DRESS RIGHT—you can't afford not to!

It should be as subject to attack for Teapot Dome as Adlai is held responsible for Harry's alleged foibles.

MALCOLM M. LAWRENCE
Fort Chaffee, Ark.

Harry's Heartening News

Sir:
After alarming us with such disquieting facts as "Richard Nixon is an s.o.b.," "the Eisenhower gang is a bunch of racketeers," and the Republicans have taken our country so far down the road to destruction that "with God's help, the Democrats must save us," it is good of Harry to comfort us with the heartening news that we have loyal, upright citizens left in the persons of Alger Hiss and Nathan Gregory Silvermaster [Sept. 17].

HOWARD BRUCE HENDRICKS
Lansdale, Pa.

Mixed Words

Sir:
One of your correspondents [Oct. 1] says Estes will campaign with the call, "Pie in the sky with Adlai and I." I distinctly remember Ike's thanking all who had been so kind "to Mamie and I," but I have yet to hear Estes use bad grammar.

L. S. HIRSCH
New York City

G.O.P. Trouble in Utah

Sir:
You refer to Utah as "nominally Republican" [Sept. 24]; it should be observed that Bracken Lee was the first Republican governor in 24 years, and the only Republican state official to be elected to office in Utah in the 1948 elections. Time and Kingmaker Watkins to the contrary, Governor Lee has led the resurgence of the Republican Party in Utah. His defeat at the hands of switch-over voters spells trouble for the Republicans come November.

GRACE SMEDLEY
Salt Lake City

Muskie Preferred

Sir:
In your Sept. 24 story on the Maine election you gibe at Washington pundits for their explanation of the Democratic victory, but a sentence later you do some odd punditizing yourself: "Support came in strongly from the throngs of independents who . . . did not take a shine to the warnings that a vote for Muskie is a vote against Ike." Isn't it barely possible that the independent voters of Maine agreed that a vote for Muskie was a vote against Eisenhower, and voted for Muskie for exactly that reason?

JAMES A. DECKER
Prairie Village, Kans.

Feeding Time

Sir:
No conscientious allergist can permit Dr. Walter W. Sackett's accelerated diet for infants [Sept. 24] to go unchallenged. To feed eggs, orange juice and other solids to infants only a few weeks of age is the best way to initiate such allergic diseases as atopic eczema, allergic rhinitis, bronchial asthma and even neuro-circulatory disturbances.

BEN C. EISENBERG, M.D.
Huntington Park, Calif.

Sir:
And what does good Dr. Sackett suggest we parents do between his "six-hour feedings" while a miserable, yowling, hungry baby decides he wants his bottle before the clock says he can have it?

As a mother of a fat, jolly, content nonfeeding-problem eight-month-old girl,

The "PRIVATE CAR"

OF MR. AND MRS. HENDERSON
OF CHICAGO



Mr. Henderson, a young businessman and very smart traveler, knows you no longer have to be a tycoon to cross the country in complete privacy and luxurious surroundings.



This spacious living room—a deluxe bedroom suite—gives the Henderson family loads of room. What's more, they enjoy such travel "extras" as room service, recorded music and radio reception, individual heat control, and the same standard of privacy they enjoy in their own home. And by taking advantage of Family Fares, they save \$76.95 on their round-trip to San Francisco!



"Reserved for the Hendersons". Thanks to the unique system of advance dinner reservations, there's no waiting in line for a table in the California Zephyr's famous Dining Car.



Scheduled for sightseeing, the California Zephyr travels through the Colorado Rockies and Feather River Canyon in daylight hours.

VISTA-DOME *California Zephyr*



When night falls, a folding partition can convert the Hendersons' living room into two separate bedrooms. Each bedroom has two comfortable beds and private lavatory.



With the children in bed downstairs, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson relax in one of the five Vista-Domes as the California Zephyr glides swiftly through the moonlight.

CHICAGO TO
OAKLAND-SAN FRANCISCO
over the Burlington, Rio Grande and Western Pacific
via Denver and Salt Lake City
**WESTERN
PACIFIC**

For illustrated California Zephyr booklet, write
James J. Hickey, Dept. T-1, Western Pacific,
526 Mission St., San Francisco 5.



Alligator Gold Label, America's most wanted gabardine. Luxurious all wool warranted. Just-right weight, grand comfort, flattering flare and swagger. Water repellent. A marvelous value at **\$41.75**

...rain, sun, cold
Alligator
the coat you'll live in

There's an unmistakable elegance in every Alligator coat, from luxurious all-weather outercoats to feather-light rainwear. Choose from many fabrics, styles, colors... water repellent or waterproof... great values from **\$950 to \$4975**



At Better Stores
Everywhere

The Alligator Company • St. Louis • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles

now know why my baby has cried on and off since she was born. Good Lord, we forgot the crisp bacon.

JOY MAN GOLDEN

Plainview, N.Y.

Playgirl

Sir: Publication of the photograph of Playmate Pilgrim of *Playboy* Magazine with her



Arthur-James

PILGRIM AS PLAYMATE

clothes on [Sept. 24] must have whetted the interest of many a true reader. Can you do anything about it?

JOSEPH McMAHON

Limerick, Ireland

¶ For what can be done, *see cut.*—Ed.

A.F. v. A.F.

Sir:

In a letter [Sept. 17], Robert J. Beardmore says, "I'd like to say that there isn't a marine in the Marine Corps who wears his uniform with any more pride than our airman..." Come now, Reader Beardmore, why didn't you sign your rank? Just plain "Robert J. Beardmore, U.S.A.F." won't do, you know. Surely you're not ashamed of being an officer. The clincher is the patronizing way you refer to "our airman." An enlisted man would have said "we airman."

Let's face it, Captain or Major or Colonel Beardmore, the Air Force is, with the exception of a tiny group of combat pilots, an organization of specialists—typists, mechanics, engineers, etc.—not fighters.

ARTHUR J. ROTH

Málaga, Spain

¶ Reader Beardmore is not ashamed of being a staff sergeant.—Ed.

Whose Ism?

Sir:

Your Sept. 17 News in Pictures reminds me of Hitler's concentration camps, where victims of racial prejudice had to live behind barbed wire guarded by the SS. Now our own children in some states cannot go to school unless protected by tanks and machine guns.

O. BRANCHESI

Cincinnati

Sir:

Does the U.S. have the right to criticize Soviet police tactics when we allow similar doings within our own country, as depicted in the pictures showing the results of the

Allen-Edmonds
THE SHOE OF TOMORROW

stitched all 'round
for
"flex appeal"

Once you've enjoyed handsome Allen-Edmonds shoes, you'll buy them always; for Allen-Edmonds combine flexibility...cork cushioning...

exclusive nailess, hand-stitched construction and the supplest of leathers. We guarantee they're comfortable—in writing! Most styles—\$24.95.

See your dealer—or order direct from:
Allen-Edmonds, Belgium, Wisconsin



TEN EYCK

In Black Custom Calf,
Burnt-Vivian Crushed
Calf and London Tan
Heather Calf



they flex...



they roll...



they bend...
to follow your
foot in action!



"Our \$120.19 a week is a fortune!"

JOHN AND NORMA MORRILL realize even happiness has its responsibilities. They wouldn't change their life for anything, they agree. After all, they keep two strapping young Morrills well fed and clothed, a modern split-level house well cared for.

But not long ago, they began to wonder what they could do to *keep* their life that way—on \$120.19 a week. That's why they talked with their Travelers agent.

American Family Independence

The Travelers man suggested a way to make their lives even happier by freeing themselves from their worries about

the future. He told them about a balanced insurance program called American Family Independence.

When he went over their circumstances, John and Norma were amazed at how much insurance protection they could afford—without taking anything important away from their life today.

For the Travelers man showed them how the Morrills' American Family Independence plan could include enough life insurance to keep their finances on an even keel, if something should happen to John. It would safeguard such treasured values as the family's health, their home, their furniture, and car.

And some day soon, they would talk with the Travelers agent about preparing for the years ahead . . . for the youngsters' education and their own retirement.

\$42.75 a month

Yet the Morrills aren't laying out a fortune in premiums. The total cost of their American Family Independence plan: \$42.75 a month.

Why not call in the Travelers agent in your town—the man who can best analyze and plan your insurance because he represents the company that sells *all kinds* of insurance. What he did for the Morrills he can do for you.



THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

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Supreme Court's decision, whereby the federal and certain state governments are trying to shove integration down our throats?

H. ARNOLD WILLIS

Galveston, Texas

Sir:

Nomination for Man of the Year: Dr. Omer Carmichael, superintendent of Louisville's successfully integrated schools [Sept. 24] for showing that the greatest problem of 1956 can be solved.

BROCK MCELHERAN

Potsdam, N.Y.

What's Wrong with Picto

Sir:

The idea of Karel Janson's new "international language," Picto [Set. 24], is not new; the Chinese have employed an ideographic script for two or three thousand years. As a child I made up half a dozen systems like Janson's.

G. STEVENSON

Waverley, Mass.

Sir:

If Picto came into use, it would probably have several thousand characters in 50 years. I hope that Picto will be allowed to fold up its symbols and silently fade away.

MARVIN M. FROMM

Pittsburgh

Why Teddy?

Sir:

In your interesting article on the "Teddy Boys" of Britain it seemed that all the unusual slang words were explained but the most important—their name.

KEMP LITTLEPAGE

Point Pleasant, W. Va.

□ Teddy is tabloid-headline for Edward; the original "uniform" of London's hoodlums featured the pipemont trousers and velvet collars of the Edwardian era.—Ed.

Van Gogh's Ear

Sir:

TIME says: "Van Gogh sliced off his left ear."

Irvine Stone says: "He slashed off his right ear."

M-G-M no doubt agrees with TIME?

LORETTA J. MCCUE

Flushing, N.Y.

□ Yes, Van Gogh's famed self-portrait, which appears to show the right ear bandaged, is a mirror image.—Ed.

The Most

Sir:

I am a teen-ager, and I think Elvis Presley is disgusting. Why should he be making \$7,500 a week when schoolteachers who are educating us only make a small sum of \$600 a week. We'd have an awful time with a Government run by people like Elvis Presley.

PAT HANSFORD

Hollywood

Sir:

Why does TIME keep running Elvis Presley down? People who dislike him are mostly hangers-on from the Gay Nineties. We really think he's the most, to say the least.

TENLEY JONES (aged 14)

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Elvis Presley could only be a product of our current Republican Administration.

MELVIN H. WEINBERG

Dallas

TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1956



DIGEST OF A BEST-SELLER by 17,000 authors

THE men and women of Kaiser Aluminum—who have grown from 3,800 to more than 17,000—are in effect the co-authors of this brief history of our first ten years of progress in aluminum.

For their individual contributions, combined with the support and growth of our customers, have given us a seven-fold expansion in primary aluminum production . . . a seven-fold rise in net sales . . . an expansion that has increased total assets from about \$27 million to \$489 million.

Now as we enter our second decade, we are looking forward to working in partnership with all manufacturers who would like to share in the almost unlimited opportunities for aluminum that lie ahead.

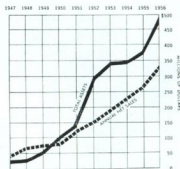
☆ ☆ ☆

If you would like to review the details of our steady growth, we'll be glad to send you a copy of our annual report. Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, 1924 Broadway, Oakland 12, California.

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TOTAL ASSETS AND ANNUAL NET SALES
(FISCAL YEARS ENDED MAY 31)





The shape of things to come

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San Francisco 19

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Why have Norelco's *Rotary Blades* set a new standard for shaving comfort?

Up to now, electric shavers have used a straight back-and-forth action—the blades changing direction thousands of times a minute.

This often pinched and pulled, made irritation the price of a clean shave.



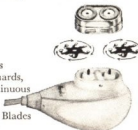
Only *Rotary Blades* shave closely without skin irritation, and only Norelco has tested *Rotary Blades*. Norelco's blades never stop, never change direction, shave with the smooth, *continuous* stroke of a barber's razor.

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Local agents work night and day processing claims.

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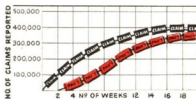
Thus through planning and foresight the capital stock insurance companies and their agents go into action immediately in the wake of destruction—to bring peace of mind and the ability to build anew.



For the name of a nearby America Fore Agent call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.



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TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1956

Dear TIME-Reader:

NEWSPAPERMEN generally keep a sharp eye on TIME's Press section, which always keeps a sharp eye on them. Last week Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* Political Reporter Frank M. Matthews prefaced a story with an excerpt from TIME's Oct. 8 Press report, "The Campaign Trail": "The Nixon and Stevenson campaign tours are models of efficiency. The pampered newsmen with Stevenson need not even bother to register at their hotel stopovers." Then Pittsburgh Reporter Matthews whooped: "Well, Mr. Luce and TIME Magazine, we've got news for you."

His news: Clouds grounded the newsmen in Elkins, W. Va., buses bounced them over back roads to Pennsylvania, hotel rooms were reserved and unreserved in Pittsburgh, and eventually, when they caught up with Candidate Stevenson in New York, the rally for him in Harlem was over. In short, wrote Reporter Matthews in his light-hearted spoof, most of the efficiency and all pampers had been lost on the campaign trail.

SOME of us were a little afraid that perhaps the revealing cover story on Michigan State Football Coach Duffy Daugherty and the detailed diagrams of some of his key plays (TIME, Oct. 8) might have given powerful Michigan the edge to win again this year. Gamblers around New York made Michigan a 2½-to-5-point favorite, but Duffy's team knocked over the Wolverines (see SPORT) and now appear headed for another Big Ten title.

WHEN Contributing Editor Spencer L. Davidson went down to Herman Talmadge's 2,400-acre plantation below Atlanta for a closeup of this week's cover subject, he discovered that his visit was a bit untimely. It was the tail end of

the dove season, and Governor Talmadge, an ardent hunter, was eager to get out into the millet fields. Writer Davidson, a city boy from Baltimore, went along. "I guess," he says ruefully, "I'm the only guy who ever went dove hunting in a grey flannel suit." On the second afternoon afield, "Spence" fired and missed one shot at a dove, gave up and contented himself with watching his sharpshooting host.

AS this issue of TIME closed, our editorial staff discovered it had some lovely reasons for an impromptu party: three orchid-decked researchers ablush and abeam with plans for marriage. Education's Marjorie Burns will be married to Research Physicist A. Bruce Brown Jr. on Oct. 19, Art's Joan Dye to Artist Alan Gussow on Oct. 21, and Foreign News's Monica von Swogetinsky to Lawyer Dudley Devine in December or January. Cheers and best wishes to all!

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

BEN MARTIN



DYE, BURNS AND VON SWOGETINSKY

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"IT'S FUN TO PHONE"



"SO GLAD YOU CALLED"



"IT'S GOOD TO HEAR
YOUR VOICE"



"THE DANCE WAS SWELL"

Just calling up can brighten your day

The telephone can be priceless in emergencies. It's the world's best helper when it comes to saving time, trips and trouble.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CAMPAIGN

Into Focus

Out of a blur of planeborne and trainborne candidates, of parades, rallies and TV shows, the 1956 campaign began to take recognizable shape. One month before Election Day what the candidates and their parties said, did and planned increasingly tended to conform to these factors:

¶ There are no burning issues: Truman, McCarthy, time for a change, mink coats, depression, boys in foxholes and Alger Hiss lie muted beneath the surface. The Eisenhower health issue has been knocked out by Ike's robust appearance, and the Nixon issue is undermined by Nixon's own high-level campaigning. There are, however, some intense regional issues, e.g., the farm program in the Midwest, local unemployment problems in such states as Indiana and Michigan, segregation in the South.

¶ There is no feeling or preaching of cru-

sade in either camp. Without it, victory, at least for local candidates, depends heavily on organization—who gets out the registration, who gets out the vote. In numbers and enthusiasm, the organized Democrats seem to outmatch the organized Republicans, a situation that the Republicans are working hard to change.

¶ Adlai Stevenson has only a small, personal following among Democrats. In many parts of the U.S., he draws crowds that are undemonstrative; his looks, his voice, his personality, according to New York Times reporters roving the Middle West, generally have little appeal. ("Eisenhower is ordinary-like," said a gasoline-station attendant in Oceana County, Mich., "and so is Kefauver.") Expounding on "The Case for the Democrats" in last week's *Saturday Evening Post*, House Speaker Sam Rayburn managed to write 4,500 words of a 4,700-word article before mentioning the candidate's name. Stevenson's campaign managers are well aware of their problem, are carefully following the "reverse coattails" strategy (TIME, Sept. 10) of linking Stevenson with local candidates and local issues.

¶ By contrast Dwight Eisenhower is still, after four years in office, phenomenally popular. From coast to coast local Republican candidates are reaching for his coattails, and each week he adds to his prelection schedule of personal campaigning.

Most prognosticating to date has the Democrats picking up momentum and moving into position to challenge seriously the whole Republican ticket. But the fact seems to be that, at midpoint, the Republicans are doing well at the national level, not so well at the local level. Last week top G.O.P. campaign strategists met in Washington, saw no reason to change their basic plans. Reason: in the month before election Dwight Eisenhower is clearly in the lead.

THE PRESIDENCY

On the Offensive

By last week any precampaign hopes that President Eisenhower could separate himself from Candidate Eisenhower dissolved in the crisp, electric, fall air. Under calculated and sustained personal attack from Adlai Stevenson (see below), Ike last week used the forum of his press conference for jab after jab at his Democratic opponent. Then, within 24 hours, he delivered two roundhouse punches: the White House released two documents

berating Stevenson for his stand on H-bomb testing and the draft (see box).

Carefully, Eisenhower summed up for newsmen his ideas on a variety of election-year questions—including his reasons, as a reporter put it, for deciding "to begin attacking the Democrats." The answer was simple. As always, his purpose was to state "the truth as I know it, the facts as I know them." Some people, however, occasionally distort the truth. In such cases, although he didn't personally enjoy it, it becomes "necessary to clear away this underbrush of misunderstanding."

Bull by the Horns. For 26 minutes the President belted away. Would he care to comment on Stevenson's claims that the G.O.P. is attempting to seize partisan credit for civil-rights progress—for example, in the armed forces? Ike would and did. Frequently using the pronoun "I," which he generally shuns, he spoke feelingly of his efforts to foster military desegregation during World War II. As far as he knew, Ike said, he was the first



Associated Press

CAMPAIGNER STEVENSON
Clutching the coattails.



Associated Press

CAMPAIGNER EISENHOWER
Wearing the coat.

combat commander who ever incorporated Negroes into white units on the battlefield, and "they all got along together." Thus, when the Administration came to power in 1953, "it looked to us like it was time to take the bull by the horns, and eliminate it all, and that is what we have done." Ike's point, in line with his insistence on the facts and the truth: as a military commander he personally had put integration into effect even over the objection of some of his generals ("General Patton, who at first was very much against this, became the most rabid sup-

porter of the idea"); then, as President, he had finished the job begun under the Truman Administration.

Why had he increased pace of his own campaign activity? "I like to go out and see people. I get awfully tired of just listening to reports." Had Vice President Nixon made any suggestions about places to go or subjects to cover? No. All that Nixon had told Ike was: "Don't let them work you to death." As for his doctors, far from placing any limitation on his campaigning, they "always tell me I can do more than I want to."

THE CASE FOR SECURITY

Of all the proposals tossed around during the warmup period of the campaign, two touch directly on the fundamental issue of U.S. security. These are Adlai Stevenson's urgings that 1) the U.S. take the lead in ending H-bomb tests, and 2) the U.S. take steps to end the draft. Last week President Eisenhower replied in two prepared statements. Excerpts:

Ending H-Bomb Tests. I speak as President, charged under the Constitution with responsibility for the defense and security of our nation. I therefore must point out the following essentials in our national policy: 1) The testing of atomic weapons to date has been—and continues—an indispensable part of our defense program. 2) As part of a general disarmament program, the American Government, at the same time, has consistently affirmed and reaffirmed its readiness—indeed, its strong will—to restrict and control both the testing and the use of nuclear weapons under specific and supervised international disarmament agreement. 3) In terms of our national weapons policy, it is the responsibility of specific officials of the Government—notably the Atomic Energy Commission, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the President—to weigh, at all times, the proper emphasis on various types and sizes of weapons, their testing and development. Such emphasis is necessarily subject to constant review and re-examination. This specific matter is not a subject for detailed public discussion—for obvious security reasons.

The [Stevenson] proposals clearly take no account of what would be the result of stopping our tests. Tests of large weapons, by any nation, may be detected when they occur. But any such test follows many months of research and preparation. This means that elaborate tests could be prepared by another nation without our knowledge. By the time we had such knowledge, our present commanding lead could be reduced or even overtaken.

In the verbal confusion surrounding these proposals, an attempt has been made to cite, as having made "similar proposals," great world figures, even including His Holiness Pope Pius XII. All these men—like this Government,

like all responsible and thoughtful leaders in the free world, statesmen or churchmen—are sincerely anxious for international agreement allowing effective control of all armaments.

The Pope, in his last Christmas message to the world, urged "a check on experiments in nuclear weapons by means of an international agreement." He stated that the matter involved "a question of three steps: renunciation of experimentation with atomic weapons, renunciation of the use of such, and general control of armaments." And he called for "the sum total of those three precautions."

Ending the Draft. For 20 years or more our Government alternated between costly peaks in years of military crisis and starving valleys in years of apparent calm. Twice in this generation relaxations of America's military strength have been followed by costly wars.

Today the U.S. has about 2.8 million men in uniform. For an armed force in excess of 1.5 million men, Selective Service is indispensable. The draft does more than fill up our armed strength by calling men into service. The very existence of the draft law so stimulates voluntary enlistment that, for some of the services, draft calls are reduced or nonexistent.

The free world looks to the U.S. for leadership in standing firm against the Communist push. We must not now betray that leadership by loose talk of soon ending the draft. The world can only construe that as letting down our guard. The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the military Chiefs of the Services, our greatest experts in these matters, have specifically supported the need for continuing the draft law. This Administration is determined to continue that strength.

The Future by the Tail. There were frank replies to other ticklish questions. The chances for a tax cut in the next year, the President said, are not "bright" or "right around the corner." To a West German correspondent, who pointed out that the Bonn Cabinet was concerned about proposed reductions in U.S. troop strength, the President made painstaking answer. Declared he: all decreases in U.S. manpower are predicated on an increase in new machines and striking power. "Never have we said we are going to reduce the strength of the American Army."

The surprise came almost at the end. What, he was asked, did he think of the constitutional amendment (the 22nd) limiting the presidency to two terms? Ike's answer might well have raised the eyebrows of Old Guard Republicans who had pushed the amendment in angry memory of Franklin Roosevelt's four terms. The ban, said Ike, "was not wholly wise. . . ." The people should choose their President, "regardless of the number of terms he has served."

Would the amendment tend to blunt Ike's leadership of the Republican Party if he is re-elected? "I don't believe that a President's influence on his party is lowered too much. Certainly whoever is the aspirant at the end of two terms will want that President's support and . . . his blessing. I do believe that the office, the power that goes with it, is such that his influence [i.e., of the outgoing President] with his own party will still be great." Ike was plainly speaking of himself; he not only believes his own promise to revitalize the Republican Party, but he has already thought through the problem of just how much influence he will have in pushing the Eisenhower line—plenty.

The Candidate

Last anyone misunderstand the purpose of a lot of talking and traveling that he will be doing between now and Nov. 6, Candidate Dwight Eisenhower took an opportunity to set the matter straight in his own plain language. Speaking last week before a crowd of 50,000 in Cleveland's public square, he took one look at the accomplishments of his Administration, another at what remains to be done in Washington, and amiably confessed he "sincerely and devotedly" wants to "continue the job." In order to do so, he needed something from his audience: "Your help."

In addition to making his frankest re-election appeal to date, Ike used his Cleveland talk to rip into Adlai Stevenson. Without mentioning Stevenson by name, he struck at "politicians . . . who go about the country expressing . . . their worries about America and the American people," suggested that such "worry-warts" should "forget themselves for a while" and "get out and mingle with the people." If they did, he was sure "their worries would begin to sound foolish—even to them." Troubled with an ailing public-address system, Ike evoked only mild enthusiasm from his Cleveland audience.

Leaving his special campaign train to

travel to Kentucky by air, Ike continued his attack that night from Lexington. Seventeen thousand University of Kentucky students and Lexington townspeople interrupted him time and time again with short, hard bursts of applause as he belted away at "the opposition." Wherever and however he has served his country, he said, he has never found the choice between "going forward or going backward" difficult. Yet, in 1956, "a lot of politicians" are doing their best to make such a choice look "extremely hard." Then, scornfully, he wondered if such action could be attributed to "people who suffer from living in a world of words and phrases for so long that they can no longer recognize action when they see it. And when it comes to a really critical matter like political leadership, we recall a fact that all of us have seen in our daily lives: the longest lectures almost always come from those with least experience."

Ike's final public appearance of the week was billed by the White House as "nonpolitical"; as things turned out, he could hardly have appeared in a more favorable light than before the 34,479 jammed into Brooklyn's Ebbets Field for the first game of the World Series. With baseball-wise enthusiasm Ike helped root the Dodgers home to a 6-3 victory over the New York Yankees. As he left the park, the friendly crowd reciprocated with roars of applause.

It was a satisfying political week for Candidate Eisenhower, a man who likes his job and frankly wants to keep it.

DEMOCRATS

Through the East

Where, came a voice out of a crowd in New Jersey, had the Democratic candidate for the presidency picked up his sun-tan? "Not from playing golf," grinned Adlai Stevenson, "but from preaching the Democratic gospel in public places." Other voices sounded out of other crowds: "We like Ike!" Stevenson replied: "I'd trust him with anything but public office." In Morristown, N.J., he spotted a picture of Eisenhower behind a window grille across the square. "Surely," he cracked, "there must be a more appropriate place for the President than behind bars."

Thus last week Adlai Stevenson brought his campaign back to the populous, prosperous, vote-heavy states of the industrial Northeast. Everywhere he hitched on gently to the coattails of local Democratic candidates who were manifestly more popular than he; everywhere he besought the voters to choose come November not between men but between parties; everywhere he fingered meticulously for the soft spots of the U.S. economy, talking and implying class struggle.

Rising Tide. "The Republican managers," he said to large and enthusiastic crowds in Springfield, Mass., "see America as a big, well-oiled company controlled by men who, because they run the big corporations, think they ought to run the country." Again and again he cried: "It is



United Press

STEVENSON AT THE SERIES
"I hope I don't get in the way."

time to take the government away from General Motors and give it back to Joe Smith." But somewhere beneath his genteel belligerency there still lurked the elements of the enigma of 1952. "The tide is rising," said he in Newark, after a day of small and disappointing crowds in Democratic sections of New Jersey. "I only hope I don't get in the way."

Moving westward through Pennsylvania in *The Federal*, the private railroad car in which Woodrow Wilson rode to victory in 1912, he proclaimed out of the past that the Democrats had beaten the Republicans to social security, the minimum wage, federal aid to the farmer. Meanwhile, his managers had arranged for a na-

tional TV hookup so that he could reply to Eisenhower's speeches in Cleveland and Lexington. At Pittsburgh Stevenson stepped before the TV cameras for a speech billed as a "turning point" of the campaign, but his sharp thrusts at Eisenhower and the Republican social-welfare record were dulled by his halting delivery. And after it was all over, some Stevenson advisors had misgivings about the tactic of attacking the President anyway.

Last-Minute Qualm. Misgivings or no, the attack was on. One day last week Stevenson charged that the President, amid the economic distress, was claiming credit "for every good thing in the country from the American flag to fried chicken"—including the New Deal and Fair Deal; this reminded Stevenson of how the Russians had claimed credit for inventing the telephone and TV. Eisenhower's cabinet were "men of wealth and position," and the President himself, Stevenson added in the distributed text, "has not known or cared what was going on." At this point in the tactic, however, Stevenson, who fuses endlessly over his speeches, had a qualm; on delivery he toned down the last line of the attack to read "has not been fully informed."

Through overcast and heavy skies he flew on to New York City for the high point of his week of campaigning. With Eleanor Roosevelt, Senator Herbert H. Lehman, Governor Averell Harriman, Senatorial Candidate Robert Wagner and Tammany Boss Carmine De Sapio, he sped in a motorcade from one end of Manhattan to the other, praising public housing and declaiming against filth and squalor (Stevenson pronounced it "squa-yor"). Beneath gleaming floodlights in Harlem he struck hard, eloquently and effectively in favor of civil rights, "the great, unfinished business of the U.S. . . ."

Next day Stevenson went down to Bor-



Associated Press

YALE STUDENTS HECKLING STEVENSON AT NEW HAVEN
"Oh, please don't boo that."

THE CAMPAIGN: CARTOONISTS' VIEW

New York Daily News



DAINGEROUS PROPOSAL

"... FOLLOW THAT CAR ... !"



"YOU SAID IT, PAL—WE BOTH GOT A RIGHT TO POISON THE AIR."

Denver Post





BUILDING A FORT



GOOD COURSE TO STEER BY



THE OLD MASTER!

"HEY—NOW LET ME TELL THEM THE FACTS!"



The Red Galluses

[See Cover]

Outside the Capitol at Atlanta on an eventful night in 1947, the January landscape lay wet with rain, and a low mist wreathed the statue of Freedom topping the limestone building. Inside, the Georgia legislature commenced the final act of a political drama opened 25 days earlier when gallus-snapping Gene Talmadge, after 20 years of politics and prejudice, died on the eve of his fourth gubernatorial term. Aware that Gene was seriously ill on election day, some supporters had cast write-in votes for his son, gone out to marshal dead voters whose names could shoot his total higher. Now as the rain pattered outside, and shouting, drinking countrymen watched from the gallery, the legislature considered the two men eligible to succeed the departed Gene. With smug solemnity and a 161-87 vote, it chose Herman Talmadge, 34.

After the crowd howled approval, Herman took the oath, pledged himself to strengthen the white primary and Georgia's county unit-voting system. Flanked by family and advisers, he marched one flight down to the governor's office, where outgoing Governor Ellis Arnall awaited the legislature's decision. Said Herman: "I have come to take over." Snapped Arnall: "I consider you a pretender. Get out." Herman got, was back in seven hours, after state troopers had changed the locks on the doors. Herman Talmadge held the Capitol and the governor's mansion until the State Supreme Court 67 days later ruled that he had taken office illegally. But even as he yielded, Georgians understood that a new comet was brilliant in their political sky.

Horns & Tail. Next January, when the U.S. Senate convenes for the first session of the 85th Congress, the same Southern comet will rise over the national horizon as strapping (6 ft., 196 lbs.) Herman Eugene Talmadge, 43, segregationist and isolationist, takes the seat of one of the U.S.'s great senatorial statesmen, aging (78) and respected Walter George. To outward appearances, Herman has progressed not only beyond his father's viciousness and venom but beyond the uncertainties that haunted the brash youth who seized the governorship in Atlanta that rainy night nearly ten years ago. Smooth and suave as an actor, Herman in his "tel-lee-vision" (as he calls it) appearances has convinced Georgians "that a Talmadge doesn't have horns and a tail, and that he wears shoes." He has abandoned his father's blatant white-supremacy tactics, instead speaks airily of constitutional government and the people's right to rule. Abetted by the Southern propensity for returning Senators and Congressmen to Washington term after term (which gives the South a stranglehold on 34 different House and Senate committees in a Democratic Congress), Herman Talmadge is prepared to enjoy the privilege and power of Senate seniority for a long, long time. Predicts one Georgia political expert: "The

ough Hall in Brooklyn, where he donned an Indian war bonnet before a roundup of Brooklyn Indians (who dubbed him "Big Chief Joe Smith"). He took in the second game of the World Series, where he got a polite and informal reception, posed for photographers wearing a Dodger cap atop a Yankee cap. Then he swirled off to the Yale campus in New Haven, Conn. to deliver a speech designed, so said his managers, to reassure his old disciples that he had not changed. When his motorcade turned into College Street past the freshmen dormitories, he was greeted by shouts of "We like Ike!" from curb and window. Outside Woolsey Hall some 2,000 students howled in derision as he was escorted inside to deliver his speech.

"This is a point in the campaign," said Adlai Stevenson, "where it seems worthwhile recalling the ground rules of political responsibility—and I mean in terms of self-reminder as much as criticism, because I don't consider myself by any means blameless . . . Perhaps there is too much of the commonplace in the old injunction that victory is after all not an end in itself. Yet I often think that the single greatest difficulty about running for responsible public office is how you can win without, in the process, proving yourself unworthy of winning." Then he added determinedly: "Don't misunderstand me. I mean to win in November!"

When Stevenson reappeared outside on the balcony, he was greeted with more uproarious student cries of "We like Ike!" Stevenson, though calm and trying to be good-natured, was obviously nettled. He chided the boys about the good manners of Princeton and the merits of the two-party system ("Oh, please don't boo that!"), and he was reminded of how 30 years ago that night he had been in Russia as a touring newspaper correspondent. "I remember very acutely," he said, "there were no public meetings like this. Good night." Then he turned on his heel and walked away.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY High Type v. Tintype

From St. Petersburg, Fla. (where he canceled his booking at the Tides Hotel because it discriminates against Jews) to Philadelphia, Pa. (where he avoided the Warwick Hotel because of a labor dispute), Vice President Nixon moved across the eastern half of the U.S. last week in the home stretch of his 15,000-mile tour. He scolded an ardent Republican lady who asked questions about Adlai Stevenson's divorce ("I think that any personal life of a candidate should not be a proper political issue"). He sidestepped the political credits and debits of the World Series ("I lean to the Dodgers, but my wife is a Yankee fan"). He pointedly omitted to invite Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy to the speakers' stand at Milwaukee's Marquette University, not even mentioning his name. Along Nixon's way in Milwaukee a placard proclaimed: **LOCK UP EVERYTHING—TRICKY DICK'S IN TOWN**, but the increasing size and attentiveness

of the crowds and the unflinching moderation of the candidate made the poster seem like a tintype out of the past.

As Nixon burgeoned as a distinct G.O.P. asset, he began more and more to take on Adlai Stevenson in debate (effectively overlooking Opposite Number Estes Kefauver). "You find corruption in either party," ran the tenor of his argument, "but we clean it up." And again, "Both the parties want to be good to our people, but we start with the individual and work up; they start with the Government and work down." In Philadelphia, Nixon termed Stevenson's stop-the-H-bomb-tests proposal "catastrophic nonsense." In Syracuse, N.Y., he jabbed at the "special-interests" tone of the Democratic campaign. "Anyone who tries to divide the



NIXON ON TV
An asset becoming evident.

American people on a class basis is guilty of the most wicked nonsense."

At week's end the Vice President returned to Washington, reported to the President on the mood of the U.S. as he had found it (they like Ike), on his own behind-the-scenes prodding of some lax and lagging G.O.P. precinct-level organizations, on his belief that a presidential visit would help some edgy states, e.g., California. The same night Nixon staged a nationwide TV press conference, a bright stunt that ranged eight newsmen against him in eight U.S. cities by remote TV pickups. He distressed professional newsmen because he turned the questions into take-off points for snippets of campaign speeches, but he nonetheless put on the most vigorous and impressive national political performance of his career.

It was fast becoming evident to Republicans (local candidates in increasing numbers were calling for his help) and Democrats alike that Dick Nixon is taking most of the tricks in the political game that had him typed by the Democrats as 1956's Public Villain No. 1.

man who will beat Herman is still a teen-ager."

The Senators among whom Herman will take his confident place will find this new colleague a jack of many trades. He owns 4,000 fertile acres of farmland, chairmans booming young insurance and investment companies, has built a \$40,000-a-year law practice, dabbles profitably in real estate, markets Georgia-cured hams. He edits a weekly newspaper that ranges in content from economic evaluations of the changing Georgia scene to muck-slurging racist propaganda in campaign seasons. Recently he became an author: his *You and Segregation* is being snatched up by the Citizens' Councils of the South.

The Status Quo. These outward evidences of well-being and well-meaning are deceiving. Respectability and temperance are the coats that hide the flaming red galluses and the flaming passions of Herman's father. Says a Georgia lawyer who has watched Gene and Herman Talmadge operate through the years: "The Talmadges have always maintained a fundamental disrespect for the law."

A fine, flaring disrespect for the outside world, coupled with a profound understanding of Georgia and its politics, carried both Talmadges to the governor's mansion. As governor, Herman inherited and refined his father's credo: keep down the cities, hold the Negro to his proper place in God's order. But today, city and Negro are both restless in the boom that is sweeping Georgia from its mountains and red-clay hills to its plains and coast. Cities outpace the struggling counties, the Negro vote leaps upward, cattle are becoming more valuable than cotton, industry out-produces the farmer, even Republicans are running candidates. Against this gathering avalanche Herman intends to maintain the Bible-shouting, "Anglo-Saxon," segregated status quo he has always enjoyed. He believes firmly that he can halt the pulsing pistons of political progress. He believes because, reared on politics, he has found that the processes of Georgia government can be manipulated to achieve the things the Talmadges want and that old Georgia wants. If they cannot be had within the law, they can be had around and under the law.

Rawhide Justice. Herman was 13 when his father first began to feel his way around in politics. The family lived in little (pop. 1,904) McCrae, 168 miles southeast of Atlanta, where Mattie Talmadge operated a 1,000-acre farm while her husband practiced law and became gradually disgruntled at the rarity with which McCrae needed lawyers. As a country boy, Herman fished and swam in nearby Sugar Creek, hunted, drove the family's 15 cows to milking, cleaned the dirty kerosene-lamp chimneys ("I don't know anything more disgusting").

Three times on Sunday Herman and his sisters attended service at the Baptist Church in McCrae. At home he listened while Gene Talmadge read the Bible or talked politics. When he forgot his chores, Herman felt his father's swift justice: a whipping administered with the stinging

end of a plowline. On the farm, too, he gradually learned a special discipline: that he and the small sons of the Negro field hands with whom he played must eventually go their separate, segregated ways.

Bolts & Boll Weevils. Gene Talmadge had long followed the career of Georgia's mellifluous, rabble-rousing Senator Tom Watson. Gene approved of Watson's Populist movement and its appeal to country voters, and set out along the Watson trail to accomplish similar triumphs. The Georgia farmers of the 1920s were being battered by the boll weevil, would soon be battered harder by the Depression. Gene established himself as their champion. He filed for state com-

The BMOC. Graduating as salutatorian of his class, he argued against Gene's suggestion that he work his way through Georgia Tech. Herman got his own way: studying law at the University of Georgia as his father had done. With a car and more spending money than the average student, Herman became a big man on campus. He got Bs with little book-cracking, loafed, played poker, dated coeds. Remembers one: "He was pretty forward, but he was good company." Pledged to Sigma Nu, his father's fraternity, Herman helped guide a revolt by smaller fraternities against the big three—Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Chi Phi and Kappa Alpha—that traditionally controlled the uni-



Jack Young—Atlanta Journal

HERMAN TALMADGE (LEFT) CHALLENGING ELLIS ARNALL (1947)
A fundamental disrespect for the law.

missioner of agriculture in the 1926 election, swept out a corrupt incumbent. When he could spare time, Herman helped by tacking up posters and distributing handbills. But the boy was busy with his own politicking for vice president of his ninth-grade class. He also won, likes to brag: "I've never lost an election since then."

In addition to classroom politics, Herman was fond of history, biography and a study of the U.S. Constitution. Other pleasures: Greek and Roman classics, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. He stayed late only if the class was debating. Other days he went home to his chores. One afternoon in 1930, while Herman was picking turnips, the house caught fire and burned to the ground (with one casualty, a German shepherd dog named Al Smith). Gene, who was spending weekdays in Atlanta as agriculture commissioner and only weekends at home as a father, took advantage of the fire to move the family to Atlanta. Herman entered Druid Hills School, found himself better grounded in his subjects than the city boys.

versity's Pan Hellenic Society. For his politicking, Herman won some patronage: the Pan Hellenic presidency in his senior year. Like his father, he joined the Phi Kappa debating society, but there was a difference in their styles. Campus audiences remembered Gene's chewing tobacco while he declaimed, pausing periodically to spit with wondrous accuracy into a nearby potbellied stove. They remember Herman because he always brought along a claque to touch off appropriate applause for his important points.

While Herman was debating airily on the campus, his father was speaking in earnest on the hustings. Running for governor, Gene was charged with dishonesty during his term as commissioner of agriculture; he had once shipped Georgia hogs to Chicago to find a higher price, wasted \$11,000 in state funds. Gene laughed off the criticism in his speeches to rural voters: "Sure, I stole it, but I stole it for you." The explanation delighted the hard-pressed countrymen. They rolled up the Talmadge vote. The



Jay Leviton—Black Star

THE TALMADGES OF TALMADGE FARMS⁵
"The man who will beat Herman is still a teen-ager."

Talmadges moved into the ugly stone governor's mansion in Atlanta's posh Ansley Park. Because Gene and Mattie (known to two generations of Georgians as "Miss Mitt") wanted to give the mansion a homey atmosphere, they shocked neighbors by tethering a cow on the lawn.

Key to Power. When Gene campaigned for a second term, 21-year-old Herman made a rousing maiden political speech at Rebecca, Ga., helped his father carry every county but three. As governor, Gene booted out his motor vehicles commissioner for refusing to cut prices on automobile licenses to \$3 on Gene's say-so. When the public-service commission would not lower utility rates, Gene ordered the commissioners to trial before him, found them guilty of using railroad passes, as punishment replaced them with his own men. His most outrageous move came after the state treasurer refused to dole out funds until the legislature appropriated them. Gene called out the militia, had militiamen carry the treasurer out of his office, brought in locksmiths to open the treasury vaults. At the close of his second term Gene reached for a higher goal: Richard Russell's Senate seat. But a new kind of patronage was in the wind that Gene had underestimated. Russell campaigned on New Deal achievements in Georgia, and won easily.

Retiring to private practice after his second term, Gene was joined by Herman, just out of the University of Georgia law school. Says Herman: "We just about starved. I didn't know any law and he didn't know much about practicing." Yearning to match Huey Long and Theodore Bilbo in the Senate, Gene laid his plans carefully for 1938, when Walter George would run again. As with all Talmadge political plans, they revolved around intensive cultivation of Georgia's farmers, for under Georgia's unit-vote system, it is the farmers who hold the balance of power.

The unit system decides primaries (the only real elections in one-party Georgia) by counties instead of total popular vote. The eight largest counties cast six votes each, the 30 next-largest four votes, and the remaining 121 counties two votes. Designed to prevent city voters from overpowering the farmer, the system achieves an opposite effect: the farmers overpower the cities. Example: the total of 1,996 voters registered in Chattahoochee, Quitman and Echols Counties, at two unit votes per county, can offset 125,000 in six-vote Fulton County (Atlanta). Since candidates can win by carrying 103 small counties, the wisest ignore the cities, woo the rural voters.

Defeat Without Herman. In his campaign for the Democratic senatorial nomination, Gene Talmadge wooed them 5,000 at a time, drawing a crowd from a dozen counties. He spread fried fish, followed the mullet with gospel singers, band music and flaming oratory. Traveling with him as campaign manager: Herman. The younger Talmadge set speaking schedules, wrote speeches, handled publicity and advertising. But once again the careful Talmadge plans were upset by an event beyond their control. Angry with Walter George for opposing his attempt to pack the Supreme Court, Franklin Roosevelt marched into Georgia, demanded that the voters throw George out. Resenting the intrusion even by Frequent Visitor Roosevelt (Warm Springs), the voters put Walter George right back in office. Gene went back to his law practice, settled for another term as governor in 1941.

In 1941 young Herman joined the Navy, left for duty aboard an evacuation transport in the South Pacific. While Ensign Talmadge was at sea, his father lost the governorship to Reformer Ellis Arnall, confided sadly to friends: "Herman's

being away made the difference between my being elected and losing." War over, Herman hurried home to provide the difference. Father and son pitched into yet another gubernatorial campaign, this one against more liberal Jimmy Carmichael.

Campaign Tactics. Casting about for a new appeal, Herman drew up Gene's first formal platform in 20 years of campaigning. Gene, reading in the newspapers about his planks for better schools, more roads and increased welfare benefits, protested: "Son, you're taking me pretty fast, ain't you?" Replied Herman: "Pop-pa, I got to take you fast if we're going to win this one." They won it, but Gene was never inaugurated. Taken ill with hemolytic jaundice and cirrhosis of the liver, he died Dec. 21, 1946. Herman served his abortive 67 days, left the capital under Supreme Court edict, set about mustering support for the 1948 election and evening up old scores.

Stumping Georgia without his father, Herman attacked Incumbent Melvin Thompson for vetoing a white-primary bill that Herman himself had introduced. His newspaper, *The Statesman* (Editor: The People. Associate Editor: Herman Talmadge), lashed Thompson for receiving a Negro at the executive mansion. Part of the time he campaigned on crutches; he had cracked up his automobile, was pulled out of the wreckage in company with a blonde ex-secretary. (Official explanation: they were returning from a political meeting.) Herman won by 45,000 votes and a 3-1 unit-vote majority, at 35 became Georgia's 75th governor.* Commented a sad voter: "Pore ole Georgia—first Sherman, then Herman."

Herman leaned heavily on his father's advisers, pushed through haphazard legislation, e.g., a re-registration bill aimed at disenfranchising Negro voters, which was repealed after Herman discovered that Negroes were re-registering but his county white voters were not. Shortly before the 1950 election, in which he went after a full four-year term, Herman's prestige was at an alltime low, but he squeaked to victory by 8,000 votes and a 295-115 unit count, the poorest showing of his career.

Rule by Fear. The re-elected Herman displayed new-found confidence. He discarded advisers, took firm hold of his legislature, tacked to his office wall an honor roll of legislators who voted his way. Any who wavered in loyalty were summoned to the governor's office to explain why. For voting even once against Herman's bills, a legislator found his name stricken from the honor roll, his patronage lost, his county's new roads refused. Herman rammed through legislation authorizing the governor to choose the Democratic executive committee, and with that power was able to dictate which candidates he wanted on the ballot. Angry with the Atlanta press, he drew up a bill making newspapers subject to state regulation, dangled it as a threat. Occasional

* Gene and Herman Talmadge were the second father-and-son governors of Georgia. The first Joseph E. Brown, elected 1858, and son Joseph M., elected 1908.

* From left: Herman; Bobby, 10; wife Betty; Gene, 13.

he got his comeuppance. Twice he tried to extend the unit vote to general elections, saw both attempts defeated by city voters in referendums (in which the unit rule did not apply).

With an eye to the future, Herman added to his forestry bureau husky, hard-eyed Photographer Ed Friend, gave Friend a roving assignment: cover meetings where present or possible Talmadge foes might be snapped in conversation with Negroes. The photographs were circulated, often without caption or comment. Gubernatorial Aide Walter O. Brooks, for similar reasons, compiled dossiers on the words and deeds of prominent Georgians, won from newsmen a sobriquet: "The Goebbels of Georgia Politics." One Government official most carefully watched: distinguished U.S. Senator Walter George. Chortled Herman recently: "My file could have put Senator George on either side of any issue."

Though he twice campaigned against a sales tax, Herman in his second term introduced a sweeping 3% levy. At the same time he cut ad valorem taxes, most of which were paid by corporations. The \$100 million collected in sales tax each year went largely to school improvements. A priority project: additional "separate but equal" facilities for Negroes, which Herman carried through with genuine zeal. Alarmed by the Supreme Court's integration decisions, the Talmadge administration passed a constitutional amendment allowing state-subsidized "private" schooling for all students.

Retreat with Dignity. More personable, more genial and more subtle as he grew secure in office, Herman began to build a core of support that even old Gene had never achieved. Businessmen who financed Georgia's political campaigns liked Herman's lower corporation taxes and found his conservative views comforting. The

rank-and-file voters liked his lavish spending for public works (with no taint of corruption). And after the Supreme Court decisions, even Atlanta moderates found Herman's segregation policies less offensive. So when Herman, in January 1955, turned over the governor's office to hand-picked Marvin Griffin, Senator George and his friends knew that at last a Talmadge had a good chance of getting to the Senate. Four months before election came a panicky message from Georgia to George: the 78-year-old Senator's supporters had canvassed the state, found Herman had ample campaign money and was pulling far ahead. Listening to his friends' pleas, Walter George made a painful decision. He withdrew before the primary, accepted a post as Dwight Eisenhower's ambassador to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Herman stomped over Old Joe Melvin Thompson with a 376,000 majority and a grand slam of the county unit votes.

In the Senate Herman will find opportunity to voice his outrage against the present Justices of the Supreme Court ("A little group of politicians [who have] not had enough experience to handle one chicken thief in Mitchell County"). Isolationist as well as segregationist, he will take a stand against what he regards as pressing evils today in the U.S., e.g., foreign aid, overseas alliances, low tariffs, the breadth of the President's treaty-making powers. His views, his youthful vigor and his name will make Herman a new rallying point for the Democratic Party's Southern wing. Says Georgia Political Leader Roy V. Harris: "He is the man we are going to organize the South for."

Indeed, Herman will be an important figure not only to the South but as a regional spokesman in that all-embracing organization, the National Democratic Party. This was a point best brought out by Candidate Adlai Stevenson as he swung through the South last spring, drumming up support for his nomination. Said Stevenson of Talmadge, while a house guest at the executive mansion during Herman's regime in Atlanta: "We can agree on a great many more things than we disagree on, and we need one another."

THE SOUTH

"Why Such Cowards?"

The little basement room of the county courthouse in northern Florida was crowded as the Madison County commissioners convened for their routine monthly meeting. Target of all eyes as the session began was Dr. Deborah Coggins, 32, blonde and attractive, who was fired from her job as health officer of three counties for lunching privately with the Negro state midwifery supervisor (TIME, Oct. 8). The commissioners had given no official reason for her dismissal, had paid no heed to protests that ranged upward from her physician husband to Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins. Now she rose quietly in the tense room to request one. "I wish," she began, "you would now discuss this in my presence." When the commissioners were silent, Dr. Coggins put a second question: "Could it be that you



Associated Press
DR. COGGINS & HUSBAND
Said the doctor: "You're fools!"

think what you did was unjust, illegal, undemocratic or unchristian? Is that why you don't speak? Why are you such cowards?"

Next rose Robert Browning, the county's health information officer and himself still on the payroll. "I cannot and will not sacrifice my own integrity and self-respect on the altar of economic security," he said. "Dr. Coggins has been severely persecuted and tormented, and the health department has collapsed. Practice the kind of Christianity you profess and rescind your action now! If you persist in this action, God pity us."

"Is there anyone else," the chairman asked, "that wants to be heard?" One more did—Editor T. C. Merchant Jr. of the Madison *Enterprise-Recorder*. Said he, reading carefully from a slip of paper: "A physician greater than Deborah Coggins was once criticized for eating with tax collectors and sinners. I am not attempting to make any irreverent comparisons, but I sincerely believe that if you fire this girl today for the reason you have in mind, you will be doing an evil and unjust act, the memory of which will follow you to your graves."

Still the county commissioners sat unmoving and unresponsive, whispering among themselves and to their attorneys. At last Dr. Coggins' cool patience gave way. "You're all fools, fools!" she cried as she got up and started toward the door. "I'm going to stay in Madison, and you are going to have to look at me for a long time."

KENTUCKY

The Jumbo Prize

The two candidates who prominently shared the spotlight with Dwight Eisenhower when the President flew down to Lexington last week looked more like State Department types than Kentucky politicians. Actually they are both: former U.S. Ambassador to India John Sher-



Yale Joel—Life
GENE TALMADGE & SON
Said Adlai: "We need one another."



GOVERNOR CHANDLER GREETING CANDIDATES COOPER, EISENHOWER & MORTON
Happy will be busy when Adlai calls.

man Cooper, dignified and urbane, is running for the four-year unexpired Senate term of the late Alben Barkley; Thruston (pronounced *throo-ston*) B. Morton, clean-cut and sharp, was John Foster Dulles' assistant for congressional relations before he decided to oppose Democratic Incumbent Earle Clements for Kentucky's second seat.

Both Republican candidates had much to gain from Ike's brief sortie into the border state (which he lost by only 700 votes in 1952); indeed, it was Ike who urged both into the double race. For one strong candidate usually helps another, and if the Republicans could win the jumbo prize of two Kentucky seats, they would have a two-for-the-price-of-one advantage in the desperate battle to regain control of the Senate.

Peeps & Points. Striking northwest from Lexington, John Sherman Cooper, 55, tramped through solid Democratic counties, e.g., Scott, Henry, Carroll and Owen ("I've always gotten more applause than votes in these parts"), shaking hands. Men were interested in his grave, quiet manner, women in his good looks and unflinching courtesy. Often he walked into beauty parlors, peeped under hair dryers, introduced himself to the surprised clients thereunder, explaining: "I need your vote." Popular as he is, Yalemman Cooper is regarded by some of the Kentucky Old Guard as being "too progressive" and distinctly a member of the party's Eisenhower wing, i.e., he is an internationalist. But Old Guardsmen tend to forgive a man whose popularity so thoroughly crosses party lines.

Cooper's fellow Republican, however, had a tougher hill to climb. Former U.S. Congressman Thruston Ballard Morton, 49, also a Yalemman, astonished politicians in Kentucky's normally Democratic Third

District (Louisville) by winning three successive terms to the House (1947-52), but he is virtually unknown outside the district. In the backwoods mining settlements of "Bloody Harlan" County, the mountaineers did not take kindly to the "furriner" with the citified manners and precise diction. But Kentucky's strongly TVA-minded citizens nonetheless liked the way that Morton frankly tackled questions on such local boiling points as Dixon-Yates ("It's a bad deal").

Magnolias & Monkeyshines. Running against Morton is former Governor (1947-50) Earle Clements, 59, a shrewd, tough Democrat who has kept his fences



CLEMENTS & WETHERBY
Happy will be ready in 1960.

well mended during his six years in the Senate. Even so, Clements was leaving nothing to chance. He campaigned 18 hours a day last week, allowed himself only two daily luxuries: a hot bath in the afternoon, a quart of ice cream at night (he shuns bourbon when on campaign duty). Clements' campaign technique: magnolias and corn ("Now I understand why Kentucky is known far and wide for its lovely, gracious ladies. I hope you will not think me forward for speaking to you. I'm Earle Clements").

Cooper's opponent for the Barkley seat is Lawrence Wetherby, also a former Kentucky governor (1950-55). But Wetherby is a lackadaisical campaigner who is also being dogged by his own governor, fellow Democrat and worst enemy, Albert Benjamin ("Happy") Chandler. Since last June, when he defeated the Clements-Wetherby machine in a bitter fight over control of the state party, Happy has been as determined as ever to wreck Wetherby's cause. Although Happycat Chandler now denies that he is ready to sling a monkey wrench at his own party, his monkeyshines prove otherwise; e.g., he has neglected to instruct his 20,000 state employees to 1) contribute the traditional 2% of their salaries to the Democratic campaign fund, 2) help get out the vote. Last week, though he made it a point to greet President Eisenhower on his arrival in Lexington, the jovial Happy pointedly announced that he would have a previous engagement when Adlai Stevenson comes a-calling.

Shenanigans & Sour Mash. Happy's shenanigans will probably have little effect on the Clements-Morton battle, in which even Republicans concede that Earle can more than take care of himself. But in Wetherby's case, where help is sorely needed, Happy's tactics are hurting, and Cooper is leading.

This, as Happy's acquaintances see it, is just as Wetherby wants it. With Wetherby downed, Kentucky may have a G.O.P. Senator in the capital, but it will also have Chandler at home, brewing a political case of sour mash to quench his senatorial thirst for Cooper's seat in 1960.

ARMED FORCES

The Road Back

"The real punishment will be always the memory of Ribbon Creek on Sunday night, April 8, 1956. Remorse will never leave him."

So wrote Navy Secretary Charles Thomas last week in drastically reducing the rigorous court-martial sentence of Marine Staff Sergeant Matthew C. McKeon, who led six marine recruits to their death on a disciplinary march last spring (TIME, April 23 *et seq.*). Thomas cut the sentence from nine months' hard labor to three months (leaving McKeon to complete four more weeks), canceled a \$270 fine and a bad-conduct discharge, confirmed the reduction in grade to private.

"Sergeant McKeon was a capable non-commissioned officer, dedicated to the U.S. Marine Corps . . . a good man, sin-

cere, and of a sympathetic nature," wrote the Secretary. "I, in my mind, am sure that Sergeant McKeon never meant to harm his men . . . I am convinced that a punitive separation from the service is not necessary . . . nor would the interests of the Marine Corps be served. [But] retention of McKeon as a noncommissioned officer with command authority [could not] be justly rationalized on the theory that his tragic failure to meet command responsibility constituted merely a single lapse in his performance of duty. One lapse . . . is just one lapse too many . . . I have restored to Sergeant McKeon the opportunity to build for himself a useful and honorable career . . . I recognize that the road back will be a hard one . . . I am giving him his chance."

Said McKeon when he heard the news: "I will try to be the very best private in the Marine Corps."

SEQUELS

The Italian Story

For eleven days the grave-faced master of the Italian Line's *Andrea Doria* waited while the young third mate of the Swedish-American Line's *Stockholm* told a story in a Manhattan courtroom that implied that the Italians were to blame for the July collision that sank *Andrea Doria* (TIME, Oct. 8). Last week came turn for Captain Piero Calamai, 58, to take the stand, and his anxiety still showed as he sat with bent shoulders, pale and tired-looking.

On fatal July 25 *Andrea Doria* was steaming westbound at 23 knots from Genoa to New York when, about 3 p.m., some 175 miles off Nantucket, she ran into thick fog, testified Captain Calamai. He personally took command of the bridge, cut speed to 21.8 knots, ordered automatic fog warnings sounded at 1½-minute intervals (audible at a distance of four miles). Around 8 p.m. his second and third mates came on watch, joining him on the bridge. He hung closely within a few degrees of the westbound lane of Track Charlie, the "informal" sea lane marked out by the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey; although the Italians and Swedes do not necessarily observe Track Charlie, Captain Calamai testified that he usually did, and that never in his 100 transatlantic crossings had he come upon an eastbound vessel running close to the westbound lane.

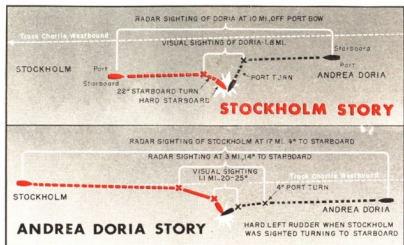
At 10:45 p.m., *Andrea Doria's* radar picked up the outbound *Stockholm* (which he did not identify) on the radar screen about 17 miles off *Doria's* starboard bow. He and his officers watched her closing rapidly, although they did not plot her course. When the ships were three to four miles apart, said the captain, he ordered a 4° turn to port to leave more passing room (see cut). Calamai insisted that the ships were steaming thus starboard to starboard, whereas the Swedes insist that they were port to port. When *Stockholm* was two miles off and still closing, Calamai and his third officer walked to the starboard wing of the bridge. "Why don't we hear him?" asked the third officer. "Why doesn't he

whistle?" Not until *Stockholm* was about one mile off through the fog, Calamai testified, did the third officer see through his binoculars a "glow" of white light.

Less than a minute later Calamai noticed *Stockholm's* white lights ranged in a pattern to indicate that the *Stockholm* had turned to starboard towards *Doria*. Fearing collision, he ordered a sharp turn to port, personally pushed the button for the prescribed two-short-blast signal for port turn, and sent *Andrea Doria* churning through the dark sea at more than 20 knots in a desperate effort to cross in front of *Stockholm*. When *Stockholm* began her turn, Calamai testified, she sounded no warning signal. Had he been warned by signal of her starboard turn, he could still

Cracking Cables. What did the U.S. think of such talk, a reporter asked Secretary of State John Foster Dulles at his press conference. Replied Dulles: "My reaction . . . is extremely favorable . . . I had the feeling that developments in the Suez situation were moving thoughts somewhat in that direction, and, if so, that probably would be a very happy by-product, indeed, of what otherwise is a rather tragic affair."

Up to that point Dulles was on solid ground, for the European Defense Community in its various forms had long been a U.S. dream. But when a reporter led him into a discussion of the differences of opinion over Suez between the U.S. on the one side and Britain and France, his



Time Chart by J. Donovan

have swung to starboard. "Would that have avoided a collision?" asked a lawyer for the Italian Line. "Certainly," said Piero Calamai.

With some 40 other witnesses still to testify, Captain Calamai's was by no means the last word on the collision. But when the time came to weigh evidence in the cases involving \$40 million in lawsuits, it would be a hard word to ignore because of his impressive manner and his solid record of 20 years of ocean-going command without mishap prior to the collision with *Stockholm*.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Fundamental Difference

While the foreign ministers of seven nations gathered in Manhattan last week to debate the Suez Canal question before the U.N. Security Council, the West had its ear cocked to a development that ultimately might prove more important than U.N. resolutions.

One byproduct of the tense tactical discussions among France, Britain and the U.S. over the canal has been a resurgence in Western Europe of the idea of a federated Europe (see FOREIGN NEWS). Newest reason: such a federation would be able—with or without U.S. aid—to stand on its own feet in its dealings with the rising powers of the Middle East and Asia.

reply soon had transatlantic cables cracking. There is, he said, some difference "relating to fundamental things."

Problems Linked? Among the fundamental things: "You have this very great problem of the shift from colonialism to independence which is in process and which will be going on perhaps for another 50 years, and there I believe the role of the U.S. is to try to see that that process moves forward in a constructive evolutionary way . . . I suspect that the U.S. will find that its role will be to try to aid that process, without identifying itself 100 percent either with the so-called colonial powers or with the powers which are primarily and uniquely concerned with the problem of getting their independence as rapidly as possible."

Later Dulles edited the official transcript of his answer to make it clear that there were no differences between Britain, France and the U.S. in either their approach to the Canal Users Association plan, or to the U.N. But by relating the traditional U.S. position on colonialism to Suez, Dulles touched off a mighty difference of opinion with the newspapers, pundits and editorialists of London and Paris, who resented his linking of the two problems. "A grave disservice to Anglo-American unity," growled the London *Times*; pouted Paris' *L'Aurore*; "Mr. Dulles has not used the language of an ally."

THE ALLIES

New Growth

When Joseph Stalin died the world knew that an era had ended. And because it was the end of a long winter, though not necessarily the coming of spring, the change which ensued in the relations between nations was sometimes called the thaw. For a while the only visible manifestation of the thaw was a general fading, ungluing, cracking of power positions on both sides of the Iron Curtain. In the Soviet empire the melting process has produced popular uprising and high-level confusion as to how the empire should be managed (see below). In the free world it has showed itself in the flagging vitality of NATO, Iceland's decision to get rid of U.S. troops, the division and rancors among the allies over Cyprus, Formosa, North Africa and Suez.

But after the thaw comes new growth. Last week, dimly and hesitatingly, there appeared in one part of the world signs that a new power arrangement is taking shape. The place: Western Europe. The shape: European union.

The first summons for a new drive toward European unity came from West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who, out of a mixture of irritation and puzzlement at the so-called "Radford plan" for emphasizing nuclear strength over manpower, began to insist that Europe can no longer rely on the U.S. and must unite to save her own skin (TIME, Oct. 8). Last week, still beating the unity drum, Adenauer made a concrete proposal which he said had the concurrence of French Premier Guy Mollet. The proposal: a general scheme to convert the now-toothless Western European Union into an organization empowered to coordinate the foreign and military policies of member nations.

Differences. Although conceived partly in anger at the U.S., Adenauer's campaign got a big if inadvertent assist from Washington when Secretary of State Dulles, enthusiastically approving plans for more European unity, also told his press conference that the U.S. differed with Britain and France on some "fundamental things," particularly colonialism (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), and that in the years to come the U.S. would not give 100% support to either the colonial powers or the new anticolonial Afro-Asian powers. Even in London Dulles' candor caused out-spoken anger, and in France U.S. prestige sank. Already disillusioned by U.S. "equivocation" over Suez and profoundly worried by France's isolation in her desperate colonial problem, Frenchmen should not have been surprised to learn that the U.S., a Pacific as well as an Atlantic power, had vital interests differing with those of its Anglo-French allies. Perhaps they were not surprised, but many were prompted into an awareness that their soundest hope for help in time of trouble



United Press
WEST GERMANY'S KONRAD ADENAUER
A call for union.

would be a union of like, i.e., European, interests. The weightiest and most specific step toward integration, however, was taken by London. As perhaps the prelude to a historic shift away from her traditional aloofness from Europe, Britain last week began to talk emphatically about joining a West European free-trade area (see below).

It was potentially the most promising development in affairs of the Western alliance since the post-Stalin thaw set in—one that depended on the nature and the mood of the steps to follow. Bothered



Keystone
BRITAIN'S HAROLD MACMILLAN
A beacon for the farsighted.

by the linking together of recent animosities and future needs, the London *Economist* warned of "the danger . . . of a plunge into a new European experiment, motivated by anti-Americanism and by hostility to Asian-African nationalism." On the other hand, the *Economist* went on, there is now "a fresh chance, which should be seized, to erect on this side of the Atlantic the sturdy pillar which the Americans themselves have long wished to see bracing this end of the ocean bridge."

GREAT BRITAIN

A Vision of Strength

Like most Englishmen of his caste, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer Harold Macmillan throws on public displays of deep emotion, but when the spirit moves him he has a ringing voice and a rolling turn of phrase that can strike sparks in even the most phlegmatic audience. Last week, as he faced 200 reporters in one of his rare press conferences, debonair Harold Macmillan was under the spell of a vision that gave him eloquence. "I have seen in my lifetime the steady Balkanization and disruption of Europe," he said. "Europe has suffered wars. It has torn itself to pieces twice in my lifetime like the ancient states of Greece. [Now] a great future opens up, a great progressive future. If Western Europe, including the United Kingdom, could develop into a free trading area, this would be a source of great strength—a common market of nearly 250 million people."

In these emotion-packed words Macmillan opened Britain's most fateful economic debate since World War II. What he was calling for was a program, revolutionary but gradual, that could alter the course of British economic history. As an island economy dependent on imported food and raw materials, Britain must export to live. Once she did so under the flapping banners of free trade. For the last quarter-century, however, British manufacturers have covered behind high tariff walls, and foreign competitors have imposed retaliatory tariffs that have prevented British goods from finding mass markets abroad. The result: Britain, drained by the war, has been unable since to raise her economy much above subsistence level.

The Advantage of Bigness. In greater or lesser degree, most of the nations of Western Europe have faced the same economic dilemma as Britain, and for years farsighted Europeans (and Americans) have been arguing that the answer lies in a common West European market. A common market would allow each of the member nations to specialize in the goods that it produces best. If tariffs were abolished, for example, Britain's camera manufacturers might well be swept away in a flood of superior German-made Leicas and Rolleiflexes (now subject in Britain to 50% ad valorem duty), but the host of new ama-

teur photographers that would spring up once German cameras were cheaply available to all Europeans would buy a great deal more of Britain's excellent film.

Such specialization would inevitably throw up industrial giants. A combine of Volkswagen and British Motors, say, might dominate auto manufacture in a large part of the world. A combination of German camera manufacturers and British filmmakers might produce a colossus rivaling Eastman Kodak. This would not only make for better yet cheaper products and vastly expanded trade, but would help solve one of Europe's fundamental social and economic problems. In most European nations today, increases in real wages are blocked by the fear that they might make exports more expensive and less competitive. In a common European market there would be the same strong incentive to keep raising wages that exists in the U.S.—recognition that each wage increase stimulates new demand for the products of large-scale industry.

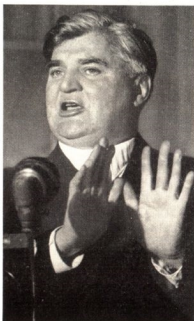
Thorny Choice. Last year the six nations that make up the European Coal and Steel Community (Germany, France, Italy and the Benelux countries) decided it was time to make the common market more than a dream. At a meeting in Messina, Sicily their economic experts drew up plans for a customs union that, from the trade point of view, would convert the six into a single "country" with no internal tariffs and common external tariffs. Since creation of such a union would have a drastic effect on the economy of other European powers, the 17-nation Organization for European Economic Cooperation last July established a working group to investigate the possibility of welding all O.E.E.C. nations into a common market area.

So Britain was faced with the outline of a thorny choice. If a European customs union actually came into existence and Britain stood aloof, there was every likelihood that the tariff wall thrown up by the new group would bar many British exports from European markets. (One-eighth of British exports now go to the Messina Six.) But could Britain consent to have her tariff policy toward the rest of the Commonwealth, the system of "imperial preference," tampered with by an outside authority? If Britain were forced to choose between Europe and the Commonwealth, said Harold Macmillan, "we could not hesitate. We must choose the Commonwealth."

The way out of so intolerable a choice, Macmillan decided, would be what he called a "partial free-trade area." Unlike a full-fledged customs union, the partial free-trade area would have no common tariff against outside nations, and even between member nations certain goods would still be subject to tariff. Under such an arrangement the British could exchange manufactured goods tariff-free with the rest of Europe, but would still be able to maintain imperial preference on food, fodder, drink and tobacco—goods which make up a substantial chunk of Commonwealth exports to Britain.

Chills & Fervor. Before broaching his scheme to the British public last week, Macmillan was careful to talk it over with the Commonwealth Finance Ministers. The reception he got was, he said, "sympathetic, friendly and amicable."

As outlined last week, the British plan was still mostly yeast in the vat of the future. The Cabinet, Macmillan emphasized, "has not yet arrived at a conclusion on this vital matter." There were strong reasons for the government's hesitation. British entry into a European free-trade area would involve painful adjustments. While some factories would prosper and expand, others would go out of business—a prospect to send cold chills down the spine of many a British industrialist. Some labor leaders were sure to make a fist at



Larry Burrows—Liz
LABOR'S NYE BEVAN
A challenge in the future.

the very suggestion of even temporary disruptions of employment.

All the more surprising, therefore, was the first reaction to Chancellor Macmillan's announcement last week. Enthusiasm for the idea cut across class and party lines. Fifty leading bankers, industrialists, economists and union leaders promptly joined in publishing a statement which declared that "the European common market could enable Europe to establish healthy economic relations with the rest of the world. If we neglect to minister to its birth, it may outgrow us and have little need of Britain." A group of 82 Labor M.P.s and another of 89 Tories, more than 25% of the House of Commons, got behind similar resolutions. The press, save only Lord Beaverbrook's empire-minded *Daily Express*, chorused fervent approval.

As time went on, exceptions, dissents, second thoughts were certain to chill the first fervent breath of approval. And time would indeed be required, at least ten

years, perhaps 15, to convert the economic-union dream into working reality. A few weeks ago few would have predicted that the dream was feasible at all. After last week's discussion, however, Harold Macmillan's vision could be rated a distinct possibility.

Room at the Fireside

At 18, having spent almost half his life in Welsh coal mines, Aneurin Bevan quarreled with his family, decided to seek his fortune in the big world. Coming downstairs, through the warm kitchen with the family seated around a coal fire, young Bevan halted at the door. It was snowing outside. As he hesitated, his father put an arm around his shoulder and said: "Come back, son, there's always a seat at the fireside." Since that day, Nye Bevan's fiery arrivals and quarrelsome departures have played a spectacular part in British Labor politics. In the last two years he has known to the full what it is like to be outside in the cold. But last week a fatherly British Labor Party threw its arm about the burly shoulders of Rebel Bevan, now 58, and gave him a roomy seat at its broad fireside—a seat second only to that held by Labor Leader Hugh Gaitskell, 50.

Thousands cheered at the Labor Party Conference at seaside Blackpool when a teller recited the vote that made Bevan party treasurer (by a margin of 274,000 over Candidate George E. Brown). The truth was that the cheers were more for a party decision than for ruddy, white-thatched Nye Bevan himself. Said a Mine Union leader: "We thought he'd be better cornered in office than left wild outside." Sighed a delegate: "Phew, unity at last!"

Gathering Strength. The question, however, was how long Bevan, now in a position of greater power than he has ever had before, intended to let party unity be his byword. At a press conference, the returned prodigal said it was too early to think about challenging the party leadership, but he added blandly: "One never rules out any possibility about the future." Bevan also had an answer to the second question worrying the British: Is Labor swinging left? The Labor Party Conference had shown, he said, "a very substantial degree of radical temper—very much more so than in recent years. It looks as if the movement is gathering strength for another quite rapid surge forward."

Bevan's "radical temper" was shown principally in two policy directives: 1) a housing policy which commits the party to municipal ownership of 6,000,000 rent-controlled houses, and 2) a program for greater equality which commits it to a capital-gains tax and an attempt at cutting or raising all incomes in Britain to one level. But the Labor Party has not officially revived the issue of nationalizing more industries, which Bevan favors, nor did it decide that public, i.e., private, schools should be abolished, a step long advocated by Bevan. The conference also demanded abolition of all forms of race discrimination and segregation in Britain and her colonies, and laid down proposals for the eventual termination of British

Suez Session

Seven foreign ministers, the largest number ever to attend a U.N. Security Council meeting, turned up in New York last week to debate the Suez crisis. Russia's bulky Dmitry Shepilov, jutting tall above his clump of Soviet assistants, moved about with a big smile and glad-hand. Belgium's Paul Henri Spaak popped cherubically into place. The U.S.'s John Foster Dulles, arriving at the last moment, moved coldly past Shepilov to shake the hand of France's moon-faced Christian Pineau. For the instigators of the session, Great Britain and France, Britain's Selwyn Lloyd leaned forward and put the issue: "We are determined to uphold our rights, rights properly secured and guaranteed, to free transit through this international waterway."

It was an almost typical beginning for a debate on the world's most serious grievances. But it quickly became clear that the desire of most, if not all, was to get done with the oratory and slip into a closed room where the foreign ministers could negotiate directly. Ostensible terms for the negotiations were set out in a resolution introduced by the British and French, calling for Egypt's acceptance of last August's 18-nation plan for international operation of the canal. But that had already been rejected by Egypt and by Russia and was therefore probably doomed to die under Russia's veto. Even the U.S., though Dulles promised to vote for the resolution, was plainly without confidence in it; there was still no decisive unanimity between the American and the Anglo-French diplomats on the steps that ought to be taken.

So the goal of the closed negotiations had to be something else than a full Egyptian about-face. The idea may be not to find a settlement in itself, said one of the ministers, but merely to explore whether there is any basis at all for trying to negotiate a settlement.

YUGOSLAVIA

In the Woods at Yalta

When Marshal Tito flew into the Crimea to take a brief "vacation" at Russia's First Party Secretary Nikita Khrushchev's sunny Yalta villa, he did not expect to meet so many old comrades. The emphasis of the eight-day talk in Nikita's parlor and in Yalta's woods and hills was on "comradeship" among the European Communist Parties. A thoughtful Tito, as he flew back to Belgrade one day last week, must have been brooding deeply about how comradely an independent Yugoslav Communist could afford to be. It was not difficult to understand why.

Black Pedro. With the beaming Khrushchev at his elbow, Tito had met the black-browed Pedro, whom Khrushchev introduced, and of course the prestigious Serov. Tito certainly remembered them. They had all been working for Stalin during the Spanish civil war 20 years before. That was when Tito was a Comintern



DIPLOMATS DULLES & SHEPILOV IN SECURITY COUNCIL

The shoulders were cold.

Associated Press

colonialism. In sum, the party, while veering leftward from the course set by Former Leader Clement Attlee, was still traveling to the right of its rugged radical.

Taking a Bow. As if to temper Nye Bevan's satisfaction, the conference in its later stages turned into a triumph for the moderate Gaitskell. After ten months of leadership (the leader chosen by the party's 277 M.P.s), Gaitskell faced the whole party for the first time. The delegates were cool toward him in the beginning, but warmed to the speech, delivered with confidence and fervor, with which Gaitskell wound up a later debate. The cheers kept on until Gaitskell rose and took a bow—a tribute almost never tendered at Laborite conventions. Raising a hand, and with shining face and vibrant voice, he cried: "Thank you, comrades, we take that as a pledge between us." The conference rose and gave him its heart. There was no doubt about the meaning of that pledge: Gaitskell was the man they wanted for their leader.

Hero's Welcome

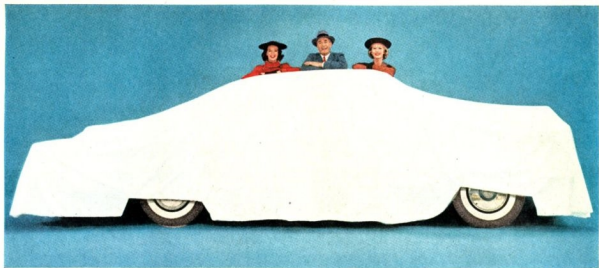
More than any British aircraft since the ill-starred Comet I, the delta-winged Vulcan bomber has stood as a symbol of Britain's ability to keep abreast of the jet age. One day last week the four-jet, 150,000-lb. Vulcan headed home from a 26,000-mile flight to Australia and back, and R.A.F. officials decided to give it a big welcome at London Airport, where all the world could see and applaud.

Low-lying clouds and a cold rain darkened the field, but by the time the first high whine of the Vulcan's Olympus engines could be heard above the overcast, the clouds had lifted enough to permit a safe landing by Ground Controlled Approach, the procedure by which operators "talk" a plane down onto a field. As London's GCA operator went to work, a re-

spectful crowd of high-ranking airmen and their wives stood by to greet the Vulcan's distinguished crew of war heroes. The pilot was Squadron Leader Donald Howard, D.F.C., and his copilot was none other than Air Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst, chief of Britain's Bomber Command. Lady Broadhurst waited with their four-year-old daughter on the airport apron.

The whine of the plane came closer, but visibility was too poor to let the crowd see it. Keeping his ship up in the flare-out, Pilot Howard was easing down toward the runway just over Farmer Joseph Philp's sprouts patch, 600 yards away. Suddenly he felt his wheels touch down—too soon. Ramming his throttles forward, he tried to climb skyward. At that moment the airport greeters had their first horror-stricken sight of the Vulcan, a monstrous shadow in the mists at the runway's threshold. It was in trouble. Pilot Howard passed the word, "Abandon ship!" He and Sir Harry, in their ejector seats, shot upward from the aircraft, and their parachutes blossomed in the mist. But for the other four members of the crew, whose only exit was through the plane's underside, there was no chance. The Vulcan's nose cut earthward again, and the aircraft skidded along the concrete runway in a trail of blazing fuel. A thunderous explosion rent the air.

In the grass alongside the runway where his ejector-parachute had dropped him, Pilot Howard lay, scratched and dazed but otherwise unhurt. Near by, on the concrete itself, was Sir Harry Broadhurst. His feet were broken. In a moment both airmen were in the arms of their wives who had come to cheer their return. Farther down the runway, the other greeters watched in silence as airport firemen fought the flames, and experts prepared to investigate whether mechanical or human failure had struck down the Vulcan.



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—all-new Custom Tubeless Super-Soft-Cushions by Goodyear. Their new Twin-Grip tread design, with 8,640 biting edges, makes the Custom Ride a safer ride.

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Soft... safe... silent—that's the new Custom Ride by Goodyear.

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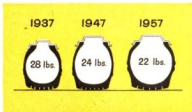
Motorists who won't buy a new car this year can get the same triple-tempered 3-T Cord body, surefooted tread and smart design in an all-new Custom Tubeless Super-Cushion that will fit the wheels of their present cars—and it costs no more than a standard tubeless tire.

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We put this fish in a bowl! fastened to a fender and took him for a ride over highways that included railroad crossings. When we stopped, he still had plenty of water to swim in.



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Some are positively brilliant.

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When it's time
for the finest...

FOUR ROSES



FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

agent traveling under the name of Walter, and Pedro and Serov were top Russian secret police operators. In that office, Serov, Pedro and Walter (and other Communist notables, including France's André Marty and Italy's Palmiro Togliatti) shared a common assignment: the liquidation of all left elements in the Spanish Republican forces that were not completely subservient to Stalin.

In World War II, after the spectacular failure in Spain, Serov, Pedro, Walter & Co. had remained faithful Stalinists, though their ways parted. Tito in Yugoslavia organized a Communist-controlled partisan army; Serov back in Russia rounded out his NKVD career as the liquidator of minority nationalities, numbering some millions of people who saw the war as a chance to throw off the Soviet yoke; Pedro became a big wheel in Moscow's Free Germany Committee, and later, under the name of Erno Gero, Stalin's agent in Hungary. When Tito, protected by his 33-division Yugoslav army, broke with Stalin in 1948, it was Erno Gero, Ivan Serov and a whole raft of equally ruthless, scheming and experienced Communist operators who organized the Cominform campaign of vilification and intrigue aimed at destroying him.

Meeting these comrade antagonists again last week, matching their friendly handshakes, Tito had reason to guess that their comradely smiles were inspired by the fact that, after a temporary setback, the old Stalin faithfuls of Soviet Communism were again wielding influence.

Be Patient, Comrade. The "ideological difference" which brought the Communists together in the Crimea revolved around the same problem that had taken them to Spain: Moscow domination of foreign Communist Parties. Since Khrushchev's and Bulganin's *rapprochement* with Tito last year and their joint recognition of Tito's "many-roads-to-Socialism" principle, the cautious movement towards a controlled autonomy in the Soviet satellite states has been getting out of hand. Local Communist Parties spurred on by the desperation of their nation's destitute workers, e.g., in Poland and Hungary, have apparently had the nerve to aim for an independent status as complete as that enjoyed by Tito. The reaction of Moscow's dihard Stalinists (among them Molotov, Malenkov, Suslov) has been to give off reverberations of the old Cominform line (*Pravda*: "What's this claptrap about national Communism?"), and to thwart Tito's suggestions—agreed to by Khrushchev—for loosening and changes in neighboring satellite states.

When it was decided to change the leadership of the Hungarian party, an extreme Stalinist, perhaps the power and brains of the Stalinist faction, was left to carry it out. Onetime Cominform Spokesman Mikhail Suslov, a Central Committee secretary and member of the present Soviet Presidium, flew down to Budapest to depose reigning Party Boss Matyas Rakosi, in accordance with Tito's wishes. But in doing so, he established old-line Stalinist Erno Gero as Rakosi's successor.



HUNGARY'S ERNO GERO
Walter remembered Pedro.

In the confused, rumor-filled wake of the Reds' Yalta conclave, there was still nothing to contradict the best interpretation of why Nikita Khrushchev went suddenly to Belgrade, and Tito went as suddenly to Yalta. The interpretation: Khrushchev, unable to put down the Stalinist faction, went to Yugoslavia to persuade Tito to be a patient comrade, and to play along with the Stalinists, to insist too loudly on neither satellite autonomy nor further destalinization. When Tito proved stubborn, Khrushchev took him to Yalta to hear the arguments and to feel the strength of the forces against him. As he paced the Yalta seashore, Tito might have heard it suggested that, if he were serious about furthering satellite Communism and



RUSSIA'S SECURITY BOSS SEROV
Pedro remembered Ivan.

not merely intent on fragmentizing that empire, he should join an association of satellite states and parties, in which he could wield constructive influence (*TIME*, Oct. 8).

Funeral for Face. There is no real evidence that Tito is going to fall into the trap set for him by his old comrades. In fact, the Soviet Communists, by making a number of concessions to him, made his visit to Yalta seem highly successful. In Hungary, the Communists ordered the disinterment and state reburial of former Foreign Minister Laszlo Rajk and three other top-ranking Communists who were all hanged seven years ago as Titoists. The Hungarian state Cabinet and some 200,000 Hungarians marching behind the black coffins were, in effect, a tribute to Tito's new importance in that country. A delegation from the Hungarian Communist Party, led by Erno Gero himself, prepared to pay court to Belgrade. A delegation from the Italian party, the most powerful outside the Iron Curtain, was already on Tito's doorstep. Rumania was sending a delegation, and also the French Communist Party, hitherto cool towards the Yugoslavs. *Pravda* reported that differences between the Yugoslav and Soviet Communist Parties had "considerably lessened" and were "continuing to diminish."

Cautious not to read too much into these "face" maneuvers, Western experts were of no mind to write off Marshal Tito as a son returned to the tight Red fold. In Washington, Secretary of State Dulles said he had no reason to think that Tito had changed his policy, which was "that the new satellite countries should have a greater measure of independence." To get at the truth of Tito's position, virtually every Western and Communist diplomat in Belgrade (including U.S. Ambassador James W. Riddleberger, back in Belgrade from vacation) was lined up for official interviews with the Yugoslav President. Tito, for the moment at least, was letting them twiddle their thumbs and—as he perhaps was doing too—wonder just what it is all about.

POLAND

Beating the King's Police

The Russian Communists have a simple formula for dealing with troublemakers like the Polish workers of Poznan who rioted last June: a monster show trial with ranting charges of espionage, counter-revolution, tame confessions and abject apologies. Confronted with the case of the Poznan rioters, the Polish Communists, enjoying a measure of autonomy for the first time, thought they had a better idea: a free and fair trial to show that their regime had merit. But last week, after eight days of free and fair evidence of life under Communism, the embarrassed Polish Communists began desperately seeking a way to curtail the trials. Poznan and its aftermath were proving to be the most significant of recent events in satelliteland.

More than half the accused, mostly hollow-cheeked young men in their early



United Press

POZNAN POLE ON TRIAL* From the people, a "revolution."

208, withdrew their pretrial confessions. Under the eyes of a score of correspondents and legal observers from Western countries they told pitiable tales of misery and desperation (TIME, Oct. 8). But the key manipulators of the trials were the civil defense lawyers who skillfully brought out in evidence everything the Poznan demonstrators had wanted to tell to the world.

The workers' banners had read "Bread and Freedom." Rioters had shouted, "Out with the Russians!", "Down with the government!" One of the accused had seen Polish soldiers shooting at the U.B. (secret police). Another said he had had no trouble getting arms because the ordinary police turned them over willingly. There was a professor of psychology, called as an expert, who testified that "hatred of the U.B. got out of bounds."

Comes the Revolution. Keynoting the Polish civilian attitude to the riots, Defense Lawyer Stanislaw Hejnowski said he was reminded of Delacroix's famous painting—the one of the French Revolution showing a young woman on the barricades and by her side youths with pistol and rifle. "If the king's police had won the battle, the prosecutor of that time would have dragged these young people into court and called them hooligans and criminal elements. But since the revolution was won, they are national heroes, and their picture has become a symbol of revolution." Hejnowski's meaning was clear: when the "revolution" i.e., Poland's break away from the Russians, is consummated the defendants in the Poznan court might well become heroes.

The most dramatic moments of all came unexpectedly during the testimony of 19-year-old Wladyslaw Czaczkowski. He told how he and a gang of youngsters had ridden from one police station to another in a truck, collecting arms. They had driven out into the country to get more arms, and when they found the roads

back to Poznan blocked by tanks they sought refuge at a state farm. There, Czaczkowski said, "I realized I had done wrong." So he telephoned for police and surrendered himself. When police came "they treated me as though they were in the SS. They beat me and kicked me after I had given myself up."

From the back bench of three rows of prisoners another accused, a 19-year-old charged with attacking a tank and a radio jamming station, jumped up screaming curses at the police. The armed guards tried to pull him down. "Leave me alone, you swine," he shouted. Then from the second row of about 200 spectators a woman began to scream, "Our father died for Poland in 1939. My mother was killed in 1942. And now we are more oppressed than ever." She was Czaczkowski's sister.

Fades the Reality. Spectators, judges and lawyers gasped for a moment of horrified silence. "In that moment," cabled TIME Correspondent Flora Lewis, "it seemed as if the wild despair that ranged through Poznan on June 28 had broken through the orderly procedure of the court. In a flash of passion the formal spectacle of the trials faded into unreality. The atmosphere of a city aroused with misery and hatred sprang palpably to life. 'My God,' said a young man, 'is it going to start all over again?'" The court adjourned in commotion, and attendants shouted to clear the room.

Meanwhile, in another courtroom, trial ended for three young men charged with the "bestial murder" of a U.B. cop. The Communists were in a dilemma. If they handed down tough sentences, they risked further rioting. The same problem applied to continuing the other trials. On the other hand, if they put an end to the trials, as some suggested, they would be admitting the bankruptcy of their regime and their inability to control the situation. At week's end, while the Communists pondered their problem, the trials were still droning out their story of Poland's chaotic people's revolution.

FRANCE

Mirage au Fromage

For decades, perhaps centuries, before the woman called Marie Harel was born, farmers and their wives in the green, rolling valley near the Norman town of Vimoutiers were making a rich, creamy cheese known as Camembert. Like the rest of them, Marie, whose years spanned the latter half of the 18th century, probably made and relished the cheese herself, but beyond that, no one in Vimoutiers recalled that she had any special connection with it. There was, true, a local legend that one of Marie's relatives had once been received by Napoleon III and had given him a box of cheese, but . . . *alors*.

One day in 1926, however, a well-dressed New Yorker who called himself Dr. Joseph Knirim turned up in Vimoutiers determined to honor Marie Harel, "the discoverer of Camembert cheese." "I suffered from indigestion for months," explained Dr. Knirim, "and Camembert was the only food my stomach could ab-

sorb. I have carried across the seas this bunch of flowers to honor our common benefactress."

Grave Matter. Glad of any honor that might come his town's way, the mayor of Vimoutiers promptly organized a search for Marie Harel's grave. It failed to materialize, but another grave was made to serve as well, and the doctor deposited his flowers. After that everyone joined in a banquet, in the midst of which Dr. Knirim proposed raising a statue of the great Marie, and whipped out a \$20 bill to start a fund for it.

Next morning the good doctor left Vimoutiers, never to return or be heard from again—but the curd he had started fermented after him. Two years later a statue of Marie Harel, or someone who was supposed to be Marie Harel, was unveiled at Vimoutiers by Alexandre Millebrand, a former President of the Republic. It soon became a shrine for tourists, and also for local peasants, who often placed flowers at its feet and knelt in prayer for the secrets of properly ripened Camembert. Then, because of a G-2 mistake in World War II, both Marie and a good part of her village were blown to bits by a flight of U.S. Ninth Air Force bombers.

Curd, Thou Never Van Wert. American money helped restore the blasted town at war's end, but nobody did much about Marie until 1950, when chunky, Wisconsin-born Dairy Executive Will Foster began singing her praises among workers at a Borden cheese factory in Van Wert, Ohio, where most of the Camembert-style cheese in the U.S. is made. Within a month the U.S. cheese workers had shelled out \$2,000 to honor their long-dead French colleague. Last week thanks to their generosity, a statue was unveiled in Vimoutiers for the second time in a century to the glory of the woman who did not discover Camembert cheese. "Marie Harel was a benefactor of humanity!" said Mayor Augustin Gavin,



Stanley Karnow
MARIE HAREL & DEDICATOR
From a curd, a ferment.

* Standing above court recorder: Defendant Jozef Foltynowicz.

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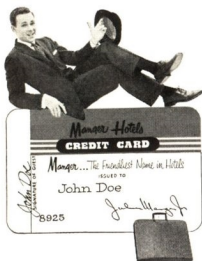
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who had helped to dedicate the first statue. "I dare hope that a United States of the World will be formed rapidly and peacefully, modeled after the conquest of the world by Camembert." Said Will Foster, who paid for lunch for about 40 fellow celebrators: "This is the happiest day of my life." Said a local farmer: "Humph! I don't think Marie Harel ever existed at all."

MIDDLE EAST

Walkout

The Israel-Jordan Mixed Armistice Commission assembled last week in the shabby, bullet-pocked old stone dwelling that serves as its meeting place in Jerusalem's no-man's land. Before the members was an Israeli demand that Jordan be blamed for provoking the latest outbreak of killing in Palestine. The Jordanian machine-gun fire that killed four and wounded 17 Israeli archaeologists was organized and deliberate, the Israelis insisted. Having thoroughly reviewed the evidence, Chairman Christian Fredrik Moe of Norway differed and indicated that he would uphold Jordan's version—the shots were fired by one soldier who went berserk. At Moe's words, the Israeli delegation stamped out in a cold rage.

With Israel absent, the commission went about censuring Israel's reprisal raid on Husan, in which 37 Arabs died, as a "planned and unprovoked aggression." The same day five Israelis were killed in a truck ambush near the Jordan border. This time the Israelis pointedly refrained from asking the U.N. to look into the shooting, said they would investigate it themselves.

The Israel Foreign Office announced that Israel would boycott further sessions of the commission, the only one still actively at work of the four armistice commissions through which the U.N. had hoped to keep peace on Israel's borders.

INDIA

"You Want to Bet?"

Signs of trouble flapped in the breeze when 4,000 students gathered in the textile town of Ahmedabad last week to hear Prime Minister Nehru make a speech. They carried black flags—a traditional advance warning that the audience was not going to like the speech, whatever it said. The Gujarati-speaking students were sparkplugs of the movement opposing merger with the more numerous Marathas in the new bilingual state of Bombay.

"We want a Gujarat state!" they chanted as Nehru prepared to begin. The Prime Minister tried to banter with them. "I detect a sort of mild fever here." The chant persisted, so Nehru dug in. "The bilingual state of Bombay will come into being on November 1, and there is no power on earth which can flout the decision of Parliament," said he. From the audience came the roar: "It will not happen!" "You want to bet?" shouted Nehru, his face taut.

That did it. The students waved their



TARA SINGH & FRIEND

Two different states of affairs.

flags and cried in unison: "We want Greater Gujarat!" Some rushed the platform, only to be repelled by police wielding lathis. "This is the law of the jungle!" Nehru shouted above the melee. "You are monkeys!"

Sweat pouring down his face, Nehru tried again and again to get back to his speech. The well-organized students hooted him down. The Prime Minister abandoned his text. "You have no guts. This is fascism! Communism is its brother. Before all this, Gujarat is a small problem. This tendency is suicidal." The booing persisted. Nehru shouted: "You know what would happen if you did this in China? You know what happened in Poland recently? You want India to shape the way you have behaved? Juvenile delinquents!" Eighty-two minutes after he had started talking, Nehru gave up. It was the worst heckling he had met in nine years as leader of independent India.

But there was consolation for Nehru and his Congress Party in the fact that in the new state of Bombay, the Marathas stand solidly for Congress, giving Nehru a statewide majority. What the demonstration underlined for Nehru, however, was the real challenge of India's thousands of high-school and university students. Frustrated, their future inhibited by India's mounting unemployment, they dabble in politics for lack of other pre-occupations, are easy prey for anyone who wants to exploit their eagerness to participate in a new India in which they have yet to find their place.

Nehru and his party fared better last week in another of India's new states. In the northwest prairie state of Punjab, Tara Singh, 71, the white-bearded leader of India's 6,000,000 Sikhs, abandoned his fight for a state of Sikhistan, and ordered his 36-year-old Akali Party of bearded, sword-wearing zealots to join the Con-

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gress Party. Henceforth, said Masterji Singh, Akali will stick to religious, economic and cultural matters only. His admonition to his Sikhs, traditionally the great warriors of India: "Girdle your loins. Buckle your sword-hilted belts. Shave no more. Visit our temples regularly, and be virile Sikhs again."

ITALY

Togliatti's Round

For four months the chief preoccupation of Italian politicians of every stripe has been the merger negotiations between Vice Premier Giuseppe Saragat's Social Democratic Party and Pietro Nenni's Red-lining Socialists. By last week most of Rome's pundits agreed that unification was a foregone conclusion. All that remained was for Nenni to meet Saragat's prime condition for unification: denunciation of the "unity of action" pact that has bound Nenni's Socialists to Italy's Communist Party since 1946.

The pundits were reckoning without the Byzantine deviousness of Lenin (formerly Stalin) Prizewinner Pietro Nenni. One evening last week Nenni and Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti held a ceremonious meeting in a caucus room of the Chamber of Deputies. When they emerged after 90 minutes of dickering, the "unity of action" pact was a thing of the past, but Socialist-Communist collaboration was not. Instead Nenni and Togliatti had worked out a "new form" of relationship—another written agreement calling for "close consultation between the Socialist and Communist Parties both at the summit and at the base."

Exactly what the new agreement implied no one (except Nenni and Togliatti) really knew, but its clear effect was to postpone the unification of Italian Socialism and the emergence of a strong, democratic left wing in Italy. Said angry Giuseppe Saragat: "The new pact reveals that those Socialist Party members who want autonomy have surrendered to Communist forces now within their party apparatus. It can mean the end of a great hope." Said Turin's *La Stampa*: "Another round for Togliatti."

The Queen

"They keep talking about the iron curtain," complained a Rome cab driver last week, "but it's not the iron curtain that worries me. It's the green curtain that comes down every morning between me and my cabbage." In the argot of workaday Rome, the green curtain is the term used to describe the veil of mystery behind which the shrewd middlemen in the city's huge wholesale vegetable market operate to send the prices of simple foodstuffs soaring.

Only a handful of insiders know precisely what happens between the first wisp of dawn, when 500 to 600 lorries loaded with farm produce roll into the Rome market, and the morning hours when the loads are distributed among the city's retailers. But the prices soar sometimes to triple those paid the wholesaler, thanks to

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067

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City _____ Zone _____ County _____ State _____

Age ☐ Single ☐ Married. Occupation (or rank if active in Armed Forces) _____

Location of Car (if different from residence address) _____

Car is registered in State of _____

Yr.	Make	Model (Dir., etc.)	Cyl.	Body Style	Cost	Purchase Date	<input type="checkbox"/> New <input type="checkbox"/> Used

1. (a) Days per week car driven to work? _____ One way distance is _____ miles.

(b) Is car used in any occupation or business? (Excluding to and from work) ☐ Yes ☐ No

2. Estimated mileage during next year? _____ My present insurance expires _____ / _____ / _____

3. Additional operators under age 25 in household at present time: _____

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NANNARELLA

"If you want to lie obed, you have to pay."

the manipulations of the few insiders. They are the "captains" and the "queens" of the market, middlemen who tightly control prices but seldom keep the food in their own possession for more than half an hour. A wholesaler or retailer who dares to defy his captain or queen may find himself boycotted throughout the market, or, failing that, stuck with a stock of spoiled potatoes or worm-ridden apples.

A Touch of Frost. Of all the queens in Rome's market, none was tougher or shrewder than a tall, thin, hard-jawed woman in her late 20s known as Nannarella. Left motherless at five, Nannarella worked the market with her father for years, and when he went off to war she carried on alone. Nannarella had an uncanny ability with figures, and an innate feel for market values. A touch of frost on a dark morning in Rome was enough to tell her that the first strawberries would be meager and command a high price. By the time Nannarella reached 24, she was a market queen with 25 obedient "subjects."

One day amid the worst of last winter's snows, Nannarella stole a march on the other captains and queens by bribing a railroad official to sidetrack a trainload of potatoes from Germany for her own use. "Providence will provide," she told the other captains when they began to wonder what had happened to the potatoes. But as winter wore on and Providence seemed to provide only for Nannarella, the others grew suspicious. At last, her arch-rival, a tall, handsome ruffian named Gigi, sent some of his subjects to infiltrate Nannarella's realm. "Gigi is finished anyway," they told her. "If you let us have some potatoes, we'll come over to you." Soon afterward, when she saw one of the would-be defectors in deep confab with Gigi himself, Nannarella knew she had been tricked.

A Slap in the Face. From then on, Gigi worked his revenge. Nannarella's trucks met mysterious accidents, and the potatoes in her warehouse started going bad. A shrewd marketman knows well how to ruin his rivals' stock. Her re-

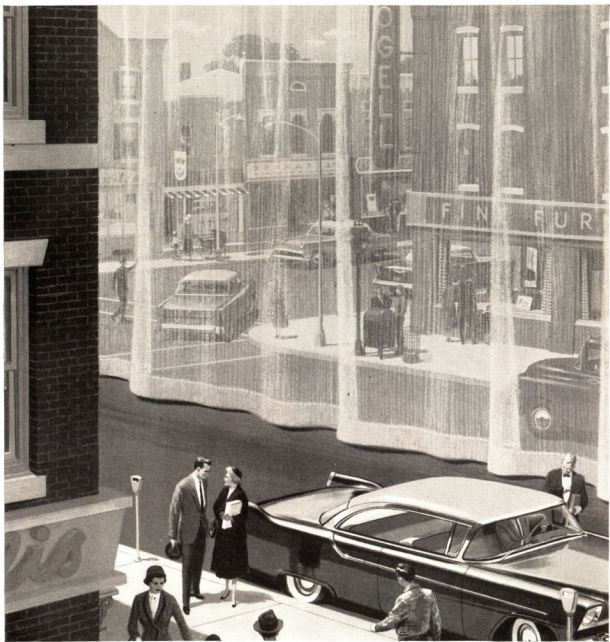
sources dwindled, and one by one her subjects abandoned her. By spring she was facing bankruptcy. Nannarella sought out Gigi. "Give me back my subjects," she said, "and I'll let you have all my remaining potatoes." Gigi only laughed, so Nannarella slapped him hard across the face. One of Gigi's brawny henchmen seized her arm and began to twist it, but the victorious captain only smiled. "Let her go." That evening as Nannarella wandered disconsolate and alone, she met Gigi again. "Thank you for stopping that man," she said, and Gigi smiled again. The two wandered along together in the moonlight. A month later, Gigi proposed marriage, and Nannarella's response was instant. "We shall control two sections of the market," she said.

By last week, Queen Nannarella, three months pregnant with Gigi's child, reigned more powerfully than ever in Rome's market. And just in time, too, Rome's mayor was preparing to investigate profiteering in the market, threatened her and all her kind with price control. Nannarella merely snorted. "Let him. We live by our wits here, and no mayor can fix them. My child isn't going to have the hard time that I had." As for the consumers who complained about her prices, "What do they expect?" said Nannarella. "Where are they at 4 o'clock in the morning? If you want to lie obed, you have to pay for that privilege."

GERMANY

The Eloquence of Silence

As opening night approached, theater directors became more and more uneasy. How would German audiences react to the Pulitzer Prize-winning Broadway hit, *The Diary of Anne Frank*? What would they feel about the nerve-rasping true story of the teen-age Jewish girl who hid from the Nazis for two wartime years in a cramped attic in German-occupied Amsterdam, was finally captured and killed in a concentration camp? When Germans at war's end saw actual movies of concentration camp horrors, they greeted the films with skepticism and derision. Would



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they jeer *Anne Frank* off the stage?

One night last week, in a mass premiere, the curtains of seven major theaters in seven German cities rose on *Anne Frank*. At West Berlin's Schlosspark Theater, a packed opening climaxed the city's Cultural Festival. At the Schauspielhaus in Düsseldorf in the rich Ruhr, the elegant opening drew a crowd in black tie and bare shoulders. Other theaters—in Hamburg, Karlsruhe, Konstanz, Aachen and East Germany's Dresden—were jammed.

In all seven theaters, once the curtain rose, a dead silence blanketed the audience. In each case what happened on the stage was merely a play within a play: the true drama took place in the orchestras, balconies and boxes. After a couple of hours the curtains came down with the voice of the dead girl saying, "In spite of everything, I still believe that people are really good at heart," and her father, who had been bitter, slowly closing her diary and saying, "She puts me to shame."

At that moment, with the curtain down, an extraordinary thing happened. The audiences, which had sat through the performances in what appeared to be a shocked silence, sat on in silence, without applauding. The elegant Düsseldorf audience filed out quietly, many moist-eyed and with smeared face powder and rouge. U.S. Actors' Coach Paula Strasberg, mother of Susan Strasberg, who created the *Anne Frank* role on Broadway, described what happened in Berlin: "After the curtain fell there was a deep, dark silence. Not a sound. It seemed to me the people weren't even breathing. It lasted minutes but seemed interminable. Then a thousand human beings arose and left the theater. And still there was not a sound. I felt I had to walk outside to breathe. I met friends, and we asked each other, 'Have you ever had this kind of experience before?' None of us ever had."

SOUTH AFRICA

Get Out!

No nation could ask for better citizens than the members of Rhodesia's Apostolic Sabbath Church of God. Forswearing tobacco, alcohol and profanity, they live and care for one another in close community under a religious code in which even physical uncleanness is punishable by excommunication. In 1947 some 600 men, women and children of the Sabbath Church went to South Africa to weave baskets and make furniture in Korsten, a suburb of Port Elizabeth. Their industry and thrift led to a prosperous industry.

Last week, in line with racist Premier Strydom's new native policy, the Negro basketmakers of Korsten, now numbering more than 1,300, were told to pack up and go home by Oct. 12. The government's reason: the basketmakers are self-sufficient, will not join South Africa's low-paid labor force. All expenses of the move (at least \$20,000), said the government order, must be borne by the basketweavers themselves, and anyone refusing to go will have his assets seized and be put to work until he has earned enough to pay his fare.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Ian Douglas Campbell, eleventh **Duke of Argyll**, 53, head of the Clan Campbell, Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, and of four assorted castles, burgeoned in U.S. magazine advertisements featuring his noble face, coat of arms and forceful autograph. The product: nothing less than Argyll socks for men, "authenticated" by the duke for the Burlington Hosiery Co. Asked about his remuneration for the plug, Argyll admitted: "I haven't the slightest idea at the moment. It depends on how many socks they sell, I suppose. But I don't suppose I'll get anything, anyway. When you're on maximum supertax, even dollars don't make any difference."

In a candid letter to the *London Daily Express*, which recently ran a music column headed "Is **Bing Crosby** Going Out—or Has He Gone?", the Old (52) Groaner groaned: "I'm 'long gone.' I just don't sing as well as I used to... The feel for a song isn't there, the desire to sing, to be in action—and when this is absent, so is the style." Modest Millionaire Crosby was not upset by prospects of oblivion. "Honestly, I think I've stretched a talent which is so thin that it's almost opaque over a quite unbelievable term of years—30 of them actually."

British tongues wagged about **Sir Laurence Olivier** and **Cinemorsel Marilyn Monroe**, who were busy kissing from right after breakfast one morning until supertime. It was not private smooching, but a scene, slated to grace the screen for only a few seconds, shot repeatedly for their new movie, *The Sleeping Prince*. The buss marathon was played big by



SIR LAURENCE & MARILYN
Kiss, kiss.

most of Britain's daily press. A thoughtful columnist ventured an analysis of what had prolonged the action: "Marilyn—so used to the torrid clinches of Hollywood films—was nervous of the more elegant style of Olivier. She giggled coyly—and fluffed several takes."

On her five-week tour of Britain's territories in East Africa, brisk but smiling **Princess Margaret** was greeted on Mauritius by a fez-topped honor guard, soldiers of the Tanganyika battalion of the King's African Rifles. Later, she moved on to the spice island of Zanzibar. Censorship was instituted to tone down earthy invitations, mostly in Swahili but some in English, that are all the rage with Zanzibar's native girls, who now wear various amorous slogans written on their



PRINCESS MARGARET & HONOR GUARD
Woo, woo.

bright robes. By the time she drove observantly around the island, the most suggestive such bids to pitch woo seen by the princess had cooled to a tepid "Kiss Me Quick."

A grey-flannel-suited dirt farmerette from New Jersey named **Doris Duke**, better known as a money-marinated tobacco heiress and sometime jazz pianist, bitterly argued the merits of floribunda hedges and compost heaps in a Manhattan pretrial hearing. Her legal adversary was a sometime play producer named Luther (*A Sleep of Prisoners*) Greene, also something of an agrarian reformer, who claimed that Doris owed him \$2,500 for applying his Greene thumb to her "tragically outmoded" 2,500-acre patch of flora in exurban Somerville. Flower Girl Duke countered that Greene was trying to make her "forget" a \$1,797.45 suit she has brought against him for floral



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
HEIRESS DUKE AT COURT
Sue, sue.

decorations grown on her farm and peddled in turn by him to Broadway shows. Doris was not irked by the petty cash involved. Snapped her attorney: "It's a matter of principle."

Brooklyn's own poetess-laureate, Pulitzer Prizewinning **Marianne Moore**, 68, was moved to dash off a *Homotown Piece*, celebrating the Dodger baseball team and urging it to repeat its last year's glory in the World Series (see SPORT). Though a pot of doggerel in comparison to Poetess Moore's finest work, *Piece* was nonetheless a heartfelt exhortation and, according to Marianne, could even be warbled to the tune of an old folk song that sometimes begins, "Hush, li'l baby, don't say a word, mamma's gonna buy you a mockin'-bird..." A piece from *Piece*: *Take off the goat-horns, Dodgers, that egret/which two very fine base-stealers can offset./ You've got plenty; Jackie Robinson and Campy and big Newk, and Dodgerdom again/watching everything you do. You won last year. Come on.*

At the behest of a Miami draft board, Gregory Hancock Hemingway, 24, young-est son of Author **Ernest Hemingway**, winged into Florida from British East Africa, was promptly sworn into the Army, in which Private Hemingway aims to become a paratrooper. A coffee grower, big-game hunter and guide in Tanganyika, young Hemingway wryly confessed that he had to sell a gun and his car to raise the \$800 air fare. Though he would get little chance to show it in the Army, had he inherited any of Papa's literary genius? Grinned Gregory: "I write nothing more than an occasional bad check!" What did his father have to say about Gregory's hello to arms? As far as Gregory knew, Papa hadn't even heard about it: "I hear he's in Spain, where they're going to dedicate a bull to him or something."



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MUSIC

Bolshoi Ballet Abroad

For two weeks Moscow's world-famed Bolshoi Theater Ballet—scheduled to make its first full-scale appearance outside the Soviet Union—had kept London's ballet fans on tenterhooks. Eighty tons of scenery already rested on a London dock when balletomanes heard that the company would not come unless British authorities dropped charges against Nina Ponomareva, the husky discus thrower who is charged with shoplifting (TIME, Sept. 10); the authorities stood pat. When the Russians decided to come anyway, the three jet airliners carrying the troupe found the London airport weathered in, had to land miles away at a U.S.

Director Arnold Haskell wrote that it was "the most reactionary ballet it is possible to imagine. Its virtues and its faults are those of half a century ago." But the applauding crowd, Prime Minister Anthony Eden among them, could not clap enough. In return the audience got a traditional Russian reaction; the entire cast and Bolshoi officials stood on the stage and applauded back.

Liberace & the Nonbelievers

An even greater noise was made in London last week, about a lesser artistic event: the unlikely phenomenon known as Liberace.

When he arrived at London's Waterloo station, accompanied by his ubiquitous



BALLERINA ULANOVA (AS JULIET) IN LONDON
After 46 years, a feather and a flame.

Topical

fighter base in Manston, Kent. But last week in London's Royal Opera House the curtain rose at last, and only ten minutes late. The show proved worth the wait.

The evening's ballet was *Romeo and Juliet*, danced in settings of overwhelming—if old-fashioned—grandeur and verisimilitude. The dancing, to the Prokofiev score and with few differences from the ballet film now showing in the U.S., was heavily larded with emotion-laden pantomime. But fragile Ballerina Galina Ulanova danced lightly as a wind-wafted feather in spite of her 46 years. Most critics were ecstatic. The *Times* critic described her as "now like a flame on the ground, now like a flame leaping in the air." Wrote the *News Chronicle*: "Her arms and hands raised in flight are sheer poetry." Sadler's Wells' Margot Fonteyn, whom many rate the West's greatest ballerina, was moved to tears of admiration. Said she: "This is magical. Now we know what we've been missing. I cannot even begin to discuss the dancing of Ulanova because she is something so magnificent I cannot even put it into words."

The few carpers pointed out that the Bolshoi style had become frozen at a pre-revolutionary epoch. Sadler's Wells School

mother and a retinue of ten, the welcoming mob was bigger than the one that greeted Charlie Chaplin in 1921.

As Liberace emerged from London's Palladium after his triumphant first show, a 17-year-old girl distinguished herself by fainting; when she came to, he was solicitously kneeling over her. She promptly fainted again.

His appearance at the Royal Festival Hall was sold out three hours after tickets went on sale, was picketed by a gang of students who professed to be jazz and classics lovers, and roused the audience to a reaction that the *Manchester Guardian* described as "an unnerving squeal, like 40,000 Persian cats having their tails trodden on simultaneously."

His first nightclub appearance, to which he wore a white sheared-beaver coat over his silver tails, wowed the fashionable set, e.g., the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Earl and Countess Cadogan, Lord Foley, Princess Aly Khan. One girl dared to boo, and was sharply rebuked by the management.

But the biggest clamor of all was made by London's press, which gave him voluminous space. The tone was set at a monster press conference at a Piccadilly



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LIBERACE & MOM AT WATERLOO STATION
In sheared beaver and silver tails, a normal life.

nightclub when a reporter bluntly asked: "Do you lead a normal sex life?" Without a quiver in his professional smile, Liberace answered softly: "Yes. Do you?"

Next day the *Daily Mirror's* irrepressible columnist, Cassandra, described Liberace as "this deadly, winking, sniggering, snuggling, scent-impregnated, chromium-plated, luminous, quivering, giggling, fruit-flavored, mincing, ice-covered heap of mother-love" and declared that "he is the summit of sex—the pinnacle of Masculine, Feminine and Neuter..." The *Sunday Pictorial* ran a story headlined MY LOVELY BOY, by "Mamma Liberace," and printed a picture made up half of his face, half of hers.

Such treatment was rougher than Liberace has received at the hands of most U.S. newssheets—even the toughest Americans have been softened by personal contact with the Liberace charm—and he momentarily lost his smile. "To mention Mom-ism, to refer to my love for my mother as if it were Communism or Nazism, is something I can't imagine anyone in his right mind would do," he snapped. Then recovering his benign calm, Liberace purred: "Everyone has to expect a certain number of nonbelievers, and even enemies. I suppose that's why they shot Abraham Lincoln and crucified Jesus."

Massed Strings

Out of the foggy moors and smoky cities of England it came, music that sang of Technicolor landscapes and of love that was tender, contented, and safely married. Every song was almost without flaw, as in a languorous dream, rich and edgeless as whipped cream, and always giving a hint of something a little more respectable than a mere pop tune, as the massed strings soared to the discrete pulsation of a harp or a guitar. And sometimes the music actually was more respectable, as when it was an orchestral arrangement of an operatic aria. This was the music of Annunzio Paolo Mantovani,

a swarthy Italian-turned-Briton who five years ago zoomed to the top of the "mood music" heap and has stayed at or near it ever since.

In Boston last week, Mantovani and a 45-piece orchestra (mostly of U.S. musicians) jampacked staid old Symphony Hall on the first leg of a 60-city tour. The crowd, a cross section of the musical public from teen-agers to grandparents, was there to listen rather than to participate. When slight, unassuming Bandleader Mantovani walked solemnly on stage, the crowd seemed to squirm with delight. When he played such favorites as *Always*, *Green Sleeves*, *Moulin Rouge* and Schubert's *Ave Maria*, the communal catch in the throat was almost audible. Afterwards, autograph hunters queued up quietly outside his dressing room. They received his dignified thanks and left, pleased and satisfied.

Mantovani was born in Venice in 1905. He inherited his taste for the lyrical side of music from his father, who was once concertmaster for Toscanini, Saint-Saëns and Mascagni. When Paolo was four, the family went to England on an opera tour and decided to stay. Paolo showed talent on the piano, then the violin, and gave solo recitals before settling into the salon-music business. Over the years he gained the respect of London's music world, began broadcasting, and became Composer-Playwright Noel Coward's musical director.

Nobody can explain Mantovani's sudden ascent from a better-than-average bandleader of average popularity, except that in 1951 he added a couple of dozen strings to sweeten up his orchestra, and recorded a schmalzy old waltz called *Charmaine*. It was a period when makers of LP records were discovering the possibilities of mood music. Mantovani's "new music" was apparently just what thousands of people wanted to hear when they were not really listening. It still is. Today, London Records claims, sales have topped 2,000,000 on his 16 LPs.

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MEDICINE

Blowout in the Heart

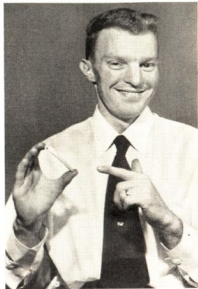
Bent over his drafting board at an Army Engineers' installation in Alexandria, Va., Private Norman L. Hickey, 27, felt a sudden tightening around his chest—"as though someone had been screwing down a metal band around it, and I was shaking like a leaf." He worked on. Next day, too nauseated to eat, Hickey felt the tightness return. He gave up, went on sick call. Doctors, unable to decide what ailed him, even sent him to a fever isolation ward before he ended up in the cardiac clinic of Walter Reed Army Hospital. Because his case was so tricky, the hospital called Presidential Cardiologist Thomas Mattingly for consultation. Colonel Mattingly had the diagnosis in jistime: a rupture, creating a tunnel between the aorta and the right auricle of the heart.

Hole in the Wall. The aorta is the heart's outlet, through which the left ventricle pumps freshly oxygenated blood to the entire body. A weak spot in the wall of Hickey's aorta had ruptured, blowing a hole in the adjoining wall of the right auricle, which draws in used blood from the veins and sends it on its way to the lungs to be oxygenated. Thus a large proportion of the outgoing blood was being short-circuited, clogging the right side of the heart instead of coursing into the arteries. Hickey's heart was laboring enormously at only 25% efficiency. He was put to bed on a salt-free diet, and dosed with digitalis to boost his heart. That was in January.

Such an accident in the heart is extremely rare. Heretofore, it has nearly always proved fatal. Surgeons considered two operations for stitching up the ruptured valve, decided against them as offering no real hope of success. Then a visiting Swede, Dr. Hans Erik Hanson, suggested stitching the tunnel with a plastic sponge shaped like a long-stemmed golf tee. That was in June.

While Hickey waited at Walter Reed, his ankles and body slowly swelling with accumulating fluid, researchers at the National Institutes of Health began experimenting on 21 dogs. Seldom has a surgical research project been pushed so fast. The dogs stood up well in the tests. The surgeons felt ready for Hickey.

Water in the Bag. At 8:45 a.m. on Aug. 1, attendants wheeled Hickey into an operating room at NIH. The anesthesiologists knocked him out with sodium pentothal, then put him in a double-jacketed plastic bag up to his neck. Through the bag they circulated ice water. When Hickey was chilled enough so that circulation could be almost stopped without fear of damage to his brain, the surgeons opened both his aorta and his heart. Through a slit in the aorta they slipped the stem of the tee-shaped gadget, then worked this down into the heart wall until its head plugged the blowout. After trimming off excess stem, they sewed the plug in place. Then they stitched up the incisions, closed Hickey's chest and let him thaw out.



Walter Bennett

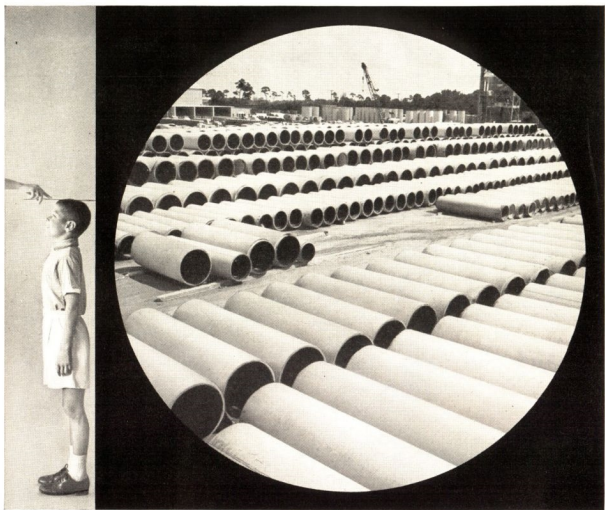
PATIENT HICKEY & DUPLICATE TEE
A plug has a place in his heart.

Last week Hickey lolled on a living-room couch at home, drinking a beer and puffing on a cigarette. Out of the Army with a disability discharge, he was literally a new man. He is going back to finish college, will get into condition meanwhile by taking daytime care of his 2½-year-old son while his wife is at work. "They tell me I'll never be an Olympic star," he said. "But hell, I wasn't an Olympic star before."

With Four Microphones

One out of every ten U.S. citizens is hard of hearing to some degree, doctors estimate. At least 4,000,000 have a disability severe enough to call for medical attention. But 3,000,000 of these do not seek it, prefer to go on cocking their heads, cupping their hands behind their ears and trying to lip-read. Even those who go to a doctor are not assured of the best help; across the U.S. there are few speech-and-hearing centers where a patient can be rigorously examined for correctable causes of deafness (e.g., emotional factors or unsuspected infection). Many doctors with limited testing devices in their offices find saying simply: "Try a hearing aid." After that, the patient is lost among at least 117 types of aids made by 40 companies all pushing their products with vigorous sales promotion. If the confused patient gets the right type of aid, it is often just plain luck.

Last week an energetic Colorado inventor named John Vicroreen was trying to replace reliance on luck with a higher degree of certainty. No M.D., but a self-educated physicist who has made a fortune in X rays and nucleonics, Vicroreen "retired" from business six years ago to work longer hours than ever in his own research laboratory in Colorado



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Since World War II, for example, the Lehigh Portland Cement Company has spent \$110,000,000 to expand production facilities. Currently, we are spending \$100,000 *per day* to further increase the supply of Lehigh Cements.

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Allentown, Pa.

children and the facts of life

Because of its vital import to every parent today, *McCall's* is publishing the challenging and provocative editorial feature, *Do We Teach Our Children Too Much About Sex?* A noted psychiatrist reveals some unsuspected facts about children and "the facts of life", in the October issue of *McCall's*.

McCall's

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Sorings. His interest in hearing aids began when a hard-of-hearing friend, Radiologist Kenneth Allen, asked Victoreen to make him a gadget that would enable him to hear without straining at medical conventions. Size and weight were no object. Said Dr. Allen: "I don't care if I have to wear a football helmet and carry the batteries in a suitcase."

The result was the Vicon, which was being offered last week to ear specialists for free testing. Because of Victoreen's highly individual theories about sound transmission and reproduction, the Vicon contains not one microphone but four. With four batteries it is bulkier and heavier (6½ oz.) than other transistor aids. Doctors do not object to this; they generally deplore the fad for smallness and concealment. Men wear it under their shirts, suspended from a harness around their necks; women can clip it to a reinforced shoulder strap.

Hearing specialists who have done comparison testing rate the Vicon as good as other aids for the conduction type of deafness, better than most (and perhaps best of the lot) for many types of nerve deafness, which present a tougher problem. The instrument is not recommended for slight impairment of hearing, but only for severe and moderately severe hearing disabilities.

The real controversy is over Victoreen's determination to keep his hearing aid out of the hands of dealers. He has set up a special company to handle the Vicon, insists that he will sell it only on prescription, and will not advertise to the public. He wants doctors, not dealers, to distribute it (at \$200 plus whatever fee the doctor chooses to add). So far, Colorado otologists have balked at the idea of acting as distributors because they do not want to be responsible for servicing instruments. "I can't take calls at 2 o'clock in the morning from patients who want a hearing aid adjusted," objected one doctor. Victoreen retorts that under his system, a lot of people will hear a lot better.

Vaccination by Mouth?

In the race to develop a vaccine against poliomyelitis, two rivals were front-runners: the University of Pittsburgh's Dr. Jonas E. Salk (TIME, March 29, 1954) and the University of Cincinnati's Dr. Albert B. Sabin. Dr. Salk won with a vaccine made of virus that is at first virulent (capable of causing severe disease) but is then killed with formaldehyde. This vaccine has to be injected in three spaced doses.

Last week Dr. Sabin (TIME, May 23, 1955) announced that he was ready to start wider-scale field trials with a vaccine that is in almost every respect the opposite to Salk's. It is made from "attenuated" virus—particles incapable of producing paralysis but strong enough to stimulate immunizing antibodies. This virus is used live. It is given by mouth in a single dose. Dr. Sabin has already tried it on 130 prisoner-volunteers, needs thousands of subjects for fuller proof of its safety and efficacy.



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is responsible for the different, distinguished look of the fabric. It is what has made EXCELLO shirts of BARODA CLOTH so popular with shirt connoisseurs everywhere.

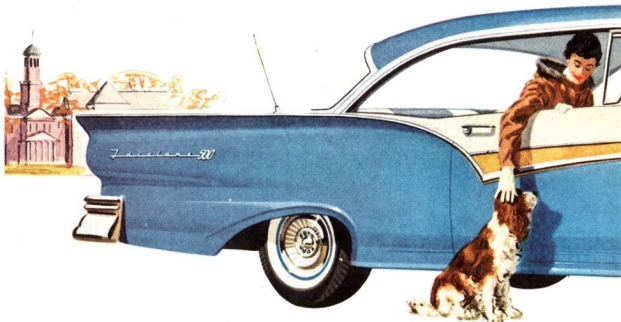
You can find BARODA CLOTH masterfully "tailored like a jacket" by EXCELLO in blue, tan, grey and green. The price in America is \$5.95 at the stores listed on the opposite page or at better stores everywhere.

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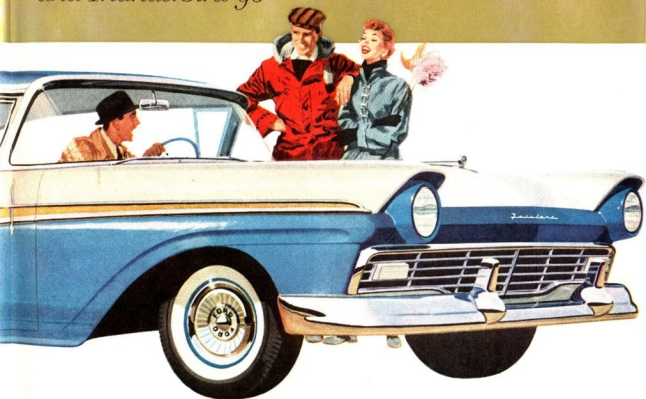


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All 5 models in the Custom and Custom 300 series ride on a big new 116-inch wheelbase—longest in the low-price field. And Ford's five beautiful new station wagons all ride on their own special chassis, too. They are longer, lower, heavier, with more room, more look-out area, the smoothest, quietest station wagon ride ever.



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are over 17 feet long**

Meet the '57 cars that make *big* a low-priced word! Whether you choose a new Fairlane (4 models) or Fairlane 500 (3 models), you get a car over 9 inches longer, as much as 4 inches lower. They ride on a big 118-inch wheelbase. And, thanks to the new slim chrome body pillars, even the Club and Town Sedans have that "hardtop" look!

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Route of the EAGLES



SPORT

Antique Series

Even Ebbets Field, breeding ground of some of the wackiest baseball in the world, had seldom seen such a collection of antique athletes. When the New York Yankees invaded Brooklyn to touch off the World Series last week, the Dodger clubhouse seemed to creak with age. There was portly Catcher Campanella, noticeably slowing down at 34, the bumps and bruises and broken bones of two decades of baseball hurting more than he liked to admit. There was that cantankerous infielder, Jackie Robinson, 37 and thick in the middle, but still a scrapper.



PITCHER MAGLIE

There was Shortstop Pee Wee Reese, a remarkably chipper 37 despite 14 seasons of big-league ball. And there, walking out to the mound to hold off the challengers, was the granddaddy of the squad, Sal Maglie, a scowling, blue-bearded craftsman uncomfortably close to 40.

Nor were the Yankees overloaded with apple-cheeked youth. Without Manager Charles Dillon Stengel, a swivel-tongued seer of 65, the Yankees would be just another ball club. Then there was Outfielder Hank Bauer, a hardened old pro at 34, and a veteran of six series. Catcher Yogi Berra was only 31, but already a squat relic of more series (seven) than any other player on either team. There was also a durable outfielder of 40 summers named Enos Bradsher Slaughter. Back in mid-August, old Case Stengel had squinted into the future and decided that once his Yanks won the pennant they would need someone like "Country" Slaughter—a tough customer who plays every ball game for blood. So Country, who had grown up on the gashouse tactics of the old St. Louis Cardinals before drifting to the Yanks and then the Kansas City Athletics, was back with New York for his third series in 16 years of major-league play.

The First Game belonged to Maglie. Slaughter reached him for a single and then a brash youngster named Mickey Mantle clouted a two-run homer. Sal was magnificently unconcerned. The two last-minute victories with which he had ensured the Dodgers' pennant weighed heavily on his wrenched back. But he bent his wicked curve over the corners of the plate and he never made the same mistake twice. Slaughter calmly hit him three for five, but Sal struck out ten Yanks, stranded another nine on the bases. Behind him, the Dodgers piled up nine hits (including homers by Robinson and Hodges), got rid of starting Pitcher



SLUGGERS SLAUGHTER & HODGES
"You like to prove you can still do it."

Whitey Ford in the third inning, tormented Relievers Kucks, Morgan and Turley, and won easily, 6-3.

The Second Game was a Yankee debacle. Starting Pitcher Don Larsen went into the second inning six runs in front, thanks to Berra's grand-slam home run. Incredibly, the big lead was not enough. The Dodgers' old men began to rattle hits all over the ballpark, capped by Duke Snider's three-run homer. Before the inning was over Brooklyn, too, had six runs and Larsen was taking a shower. Don Newcombe, the Dodgers' 27-game winner who seems constitutionally incapable of winning in the series, failed again, unhappily slouched off the field under the Yankees' second-inning fusillade, later relieved his frustration by taking a poke at a heckling parking-lot attendant. But his teammates went on a rampage. Stengel flung one pitcher after another into the fray (for a World Series record of seven), but the Dodgers hit them all impartially and often, whenever they were not drawing walks (the Yankees' seven pitchers issued eleven bases on balls, another series record). The game produced several other records. The Dodgers' six runs in the second inning, plus the Yankees' five,

was a series mark for one inning. Duke Snider's second-inning home run put him right up with Lou Gehrig with a lifetime series total of ten four-baggers. Brooklyn First Baseman Gil Hodges hit three for three, including two doubles that pushed the Dodgers' final score to 13 over the Yankees' 8.

The Third Game brought the Yankees home to their own stadium, and they came to life. Ford was back on the mound; this time his curves were snapping off sharply and his fast ball was really running. While Whitey's good left arm held the Dodgers helpless, Slaughter pounded them to death with his bat. Old Enos began the game with a series batting average of .556; by the end of the day it was .583. The Yanks gave the



Associated Press: United Press
PITCHER FORD

Dodgers a run in the second inning, but brash Billy Martin got one right back with a home run. In the sixth, the Dodgers pushed Pee Wee Reese home from third after he walloped a resounding triple. Slaughter, his team behind once more, came to the plate with two men on and two out. He scowled at Pitcher Roger Craig, glared back across ten years to the fierce joy of that day in 1946 when he hit his last World Series home run (against Boston). Then he parked a 3- and-1 pitch in the right-field stands to break up the ballgame. The final score was Yanks 5, Dodgers 3, but the game belonged to Slaughter. "I'd be fibbing," he said, "if I didn't own up that the homer meant something a little extra special for me. You know, I'm getting toward the second half of my career, and you like to prove you can still do it."

The Fourth Game matched Dodger Carl Erskine against Yankee Tom Sturdivant—Erskine the canny right-hander who set a series strikeout record (14) against the Yankees in 1953, Sturdivant the lanky in-and-out who was almost released by the Yankees last spring and who was blasted out of the second game. For six innings Sturdivant let the leadoff

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Richard Meek—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MICHIGAN STATE'S MATSOS RETURNING INTERCEPTED PASS The mistakes made the difference.

Dodger get to first base, and for six innings he shut the door on all but one run. The Yanks chipped away at Erskine for three runs in four innings, and Erskine departed. Home runs by Mantle and Bauer pushed the Yankee total to six. By the eighth inning Sturdivant was obviously weary. Between pitches he fidgeted like a man with a mouse down his back. In the ninth, with one Brooklyn run scored and the bases still full of Dodgers, even Casey got the jumps. But Sturdivant struck out Pinch-Hitter Randy Jackson, got Junior Gilliam on an easy fly for the last out and a 6-2 victory.

Calculated Risk

From the opening kickoff, Michigan's Wolverines took a calculated risk. They knew it would take something special to stop the versatile multiple offense (TIME, Oct. 8) of Coach Duffy Daugherty's Michigan State powerhouse. Almost as if they had never heard of mousetrap blocks, Michigan's linemen wore themselves out firing into the State backfield. Ends slashed hard and fast at the ball carrier, linebackers gambled and charged headlong into offensive holes. For half the game the tactic worked. Until they put on one sustained 45-yd. drive late in the second quarter, the Spartans gained a total of only six yards on the ground. They did not come close to scoring. But Michigan muffed its scoring chances, too.

Between halves, Daugherty had time to reshuffle his forces. When they took the field again, Duffy's Spartans threw a seven-man line at Michigan's tiring Wolverines. State's superior power began to force Wolverine mistakes. Michigan's Sophomore Fullback John Herrnstein tied a jump pass, was rushed and tossed the ball to an interception by Spartan Linebacker Arch Matsos. Minutes later, Spartan Captain Matsko, who had never kicked a field goal in his life, dropped back, took aim, and booted his team into a 3-0 lead.

The fourth quarter was all State. End Jim Hinesly got a crack at Herrnstein

and shook him loose from the ball. Hinesly recovered it, and six plays later Halfback Dennis ("The Menace") Mendyk drove over for a touchdown. It hardly mattered that Matsko missed his kick for the extra point. The score stayed 9-0, and Michigan State, safely past its most dangerous rival, was sighted-in squarely on the Big Ten Championship.

Across the country, football provided its usual quota of autumn excitement:

❑ Encouraged by the superb defensive play of 240-lb. Tackle Proverb Jacobs, California's twice-beaten Golden Bears pushed favored Pitt all over Berkeley's fog-shrouded Memorial Stadium, upset the Panthers, 14-0.

❑ In the Ivy League, the University of Pennsylvania won its first game since 1953, ended a 10-game losing streak by scalping Dartmouth's Indians, 14-7. While Princeton was toying with Columbia, 39-0, Yale's Big Blue team smothered Brown, 20-2. Harvard, however, took an embarrassing whipping from little Tufts, 19-13.

Scoreboard

❑ In an obvious effort to team up with his stablemate, Career Boy, and steal France's famous Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe horse race at Longchamps, C. V. Whitney's gallant little Fisherman sprinted away from the starting wire. Far back Career Boy, Eddie Arcaro aboard, waited for the front-runners to tire in Fisherman's wake. But Ribot, the Italian wonder horse (TIME, July 30), unbeaten in 15 starts, ran away with the race in the stretch. A tired six lengths back came Britain's Talgo. Career Boy was a well-beaten fourth.

❑ Disturbed because athletes all over the world had "misunderstood" the International Olympic Committee's latest addition to the Olympic oath—a pledge by each performer that he not only is an amateur but intends to remain one—the I.O.C. executive board met in Lausanne, decided to suspend the new pledge, resigned itself to the fact that an amateur is an amateur until he plays for pay.

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

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In designing the SP-30 Flight Control System for jet and turbo-prop aircraft, Sperry has utilized more than 40 years of experience in aviation instrumentation and controls. From the beginning of aviation, Sperry has led the way in pioneering the developments in this field that have made airline travel today safer, more efficient and more comfortable.

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By helping keep the cost of electricity low through development of better equipment for producing and using it. The ever-increasing enjoyment of this "household bargain," electricity, creates business opportunities in every community.



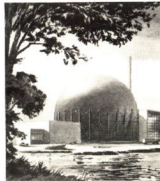
By working closely with dealers to help increase their business and payrolls. Marketing counsel, factory service training, advertising support and consumer credit arrangements are all available to these independent businessmen.



By breaking down the big jobs: Complex defense projects, for example, are beyond the scope of small businesses, but, through subcontracting, they get jobs they can handle when a large company takes the over-all risks and responsibility.



By buying locally, where possible, and thus stimulating commercial activity in the 112 communities where General Electric has plants. Each \$1,000 of purchases and payrolls generates about \$5,000 more in business within the community.



By pioneering in new fields that can open up new industries with future business opportunities for many companies large and small. General Electric's current pioneering investment in developing atomic electricity is a good example.

How progress

Today Americans are putting electricity to work to a degree unmatched anywhere in the world: every decade for the past 75 years, they have doubled the amount they use, and they are now doubling it every eight years.

The electrical industry is therefore one of the fastest growing in the nation because, essentially, it provides products and services many people want, in the way they want them, and



400,000 local, independent dealers and other retailers: They have more business opportunities today than ever before in selling and servicing the many new and improved products from General Electric.

at General Electric benefits other businesses

because electric power is at the very heart of the American economy and national security.

As a part of the industry, General Electric has shared in this growth and, we believe, contributed to it in many ways. And so have hundreds of thousands of other businesses, both large and small.

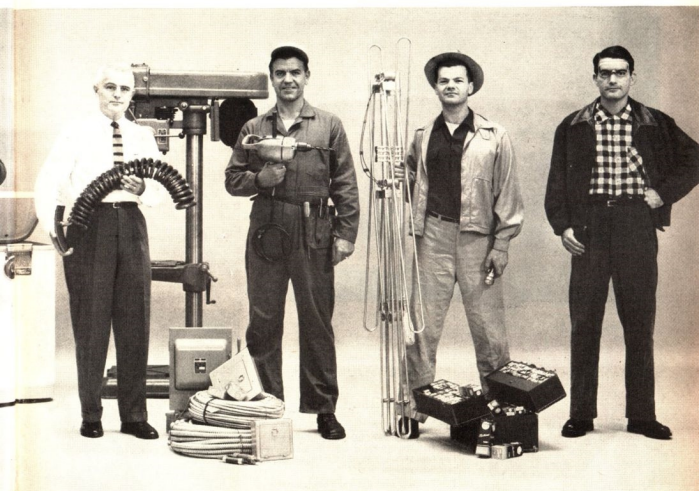
In the process of serving customers, providing jobs and trying to earn a

return for its owners, General Electric now depends on the skills and enterprise of nearly a half million of these businesses — dealers, suppliers, contractors, service men and others. They, in turn, get from us day-to-day business and opportunities for growth that they might not otherwise have.

In their relationship with us, these businesses expect more than the chance to make a reasonable profit. They want

to be recognized as independent, with the right to operate their own businesses according to their own ideas. We know they want from us, as we want from them, lasting friendly associations based on helpful service, courtesy, integrity.

On these pages are some of the ways we at General Electric are trying to live up to our responsibilities in relationships with other businesses.



42,000 suppliers — 90% of them small businesses: These firms, 12,000 more than in 1950, get almost half General Electric's income in exchange for skills and supplies.

Over 155,000 jobs in electrical contracting: This is a more than 150% increase since 1939. In that period, jobs in electrical wholesale and retail businesses doubled.

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SCIENCE

Biocontrol

A familiar horror of science fiction is the slave whose thoughts and actions are governed by an electronic gadget grafted into his brain. There might be some truth in this fiction, says Electrical Engineer Curtiss R. Schafer, who designs and develops electronic instruments for the Norden-Ketay Corp. of New York City. Electronics, he believes, could save a lot of work for the indoctrinators and thought-controllers of the future.

At last week's National Electronics Conference at Chicago, Schafer discussed recent improvements in scientific knowledge and control of the brain. After all, he pointed out, the brain is a digital computer whose functioning can be profoundly affected by electrical influences. The electroencephalograph (brain-wave detector) shows electrical signals that ebb and flow in the brain. Perhaps these signals can be simulated, controlling the brain's sensations and thoughts.

Injected Signals. "The logical extension of electroencephalographic research," said Schafer, "may result in the formation of another hybrid science, biocontrol. The biophysicist has measured and recorded the electrical activity of the central nervous system, and shown that neural [nerve] currents control many of our mental and muscular activities. The electronic-control scientist has taught us that minute electrical signals, properly amplified, may be used for the control of airplanes, guided missiles and machine tools.

"It is quite logical to believe that these two sciences will merge. Biocontrol may be defined as the control of physical movements, mental processes, emotional reactions and apparent sensory perceptions . . . by means of bioelectrical signals



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with only 2.9% in 1953. In the scramble to buy, West Germany's stock average of 17 industrial groups shot from 87 in mid-1953 to a high of 215 in 1955, with some individual stocks selling for as much as \$400 a share.

Interest at 8%. To keep its new market—and overall economy—from ballooning too far too fast, West Germany has tightened credit. As a result, industrial stock averages have slipped to 181. However, the demand for new capital is so great that eleven big firms, led by the Robert Bosch electrical company, recently went into the market with \$109.5 million worth of bonds and pegged them at an 8% interest rate to tempt investors, v. about 4% for stocks. By last week not only had the bonds been snapped up, but exchange officials predicted that other securities such as municipal bonds, government bonds and stocks, which slipped lower in the first rush to buy the 8% bonds, would also be on their way up again as increasing numbers of investors hurried into the market.

AVIATION

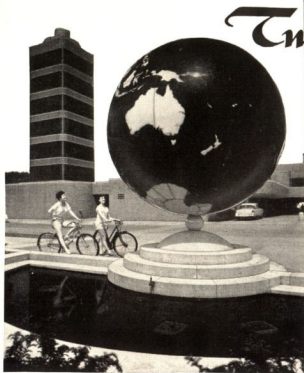
Big Step

After months of prodding by the White House and the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, 18 U.S. airlines last week took a big step toward hiring Negroes for flight crews. The lines, all of which fly into New York, announced a joint policy of "judging applicants in all categories of employment and upgrading on the basis of merit, without regard to race, creed, color or national origin." In addition, they agreed not to solicit job seekers from agencies and schools that bar Negroes.

On the ground, the airlines already employ about 5,000 Negroes, roughly 4% of their working force, as fuelers, cleaners, mechanics, ticket sellers, secretaries. But in the air, no scheduled U.S. passenger line employs a Negro pilot, stewardess, navigator, flight engineer or radio operator. Since 1945, New York's antidiscrimination commission has investigated 16 complaints filed by disappointed Negro applicants against seven airlines, found some discrimination in half the cases.

Last November President Eisenhower's Committee on Government Contracts, which seeks to wipe out discrimination in companies doing business with the Government, called together the presidents of eleven airlines. Some of them readily admitted the ban on Negro flight personnel, but promised to eliminate it gradually. Last week's statement was one of the first big steps in this direction.

But many problems remain. The biggest, as far as Negro pilots are concerned, is that few are trained to handle four-engine equipment. The airlines also have been uneasy about possible hostility from some passengers and even crew members. At week's end, however, the Air Line Pilots Association, the Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses union and the Flight Engineers International Association promised that Negro applicants would be welcome.



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OIL Trouble in Lebanon

In the days when Gamal Abdel Nasser was a mere captain, neighboring little Lebanon was making money hand over fist as the Middle Eastern go-between for Western entrepreneurs. It avoided violent nationalism, and Western businesses turned to it as to an oasis for their Middle Eastern headquarters, transforming the tiny, tidy state into the Switzerland of the Arab world.

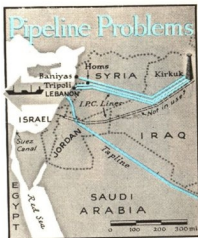
Last week the Middle Eastern Switzerland turned out instead to be a little Egypt. It threatened Iraq Petroleum Co., producer of one-fifth the Middle East's oil, with confiscatory fines, warned that it might nationalize the oil company's Lebanese properties.

Equal Pay. The outburst came over the twin pipelines that the British-managed (and British-French-Dutch-U.S.-owned) I.P.C. operates between its Iraq fields and Lebanon's Mediterranean port of Tripoli. The Lebanese in 1944 gave renewed approval to an old agreement to 1) let I.P.C. run its pipes through their country, 2) exempt the company from taxation, 3) submit all disputes to arbitration. In 1947, I.P.C. began paying transit fees to Syria and Lebanon, through which its pipelines ran. Though the lines traversed Syria for 263 miles, Lebanon for only 20, I.P.C. paid each the same amount (about \$364,000 in 1948). Two years later I.P.C. built a giant third line to the Syrian port of Banyias, began laying plans for another 24-inch from the Homs (Syria) junction to Lebanon's Tripoli.

Then Syria demanded bigger transit fees. I.P.C. agreed, worked out a mileage-volume pipeline formula that would pay Syria \$18 million annually, threw in an extra \$23.8 million to settle past claims. Last January it offered the same arrangement to Lebanon, which asked pay equal to Syria's, though I.P.C.'s Lebanese lines traveled one-thirteenth the distance and carried half the volume.

Lossing Faith. Last July, on the day Nasser seized the canal, Minister of State Saeb Salam, No. 2 man in the Lebanese government and good friend of Nasser's, brought a new weapon into the negotiations: a tax decree that abrogated the tax exemption granted I.P.C. (retroactive five years) as well as the exemption for the American-owned Tapline, which carries oil from the Saudi Arabian fields to Sidon. Salam slapped a \$13 million tax bill on I.P.C., gave the company until Sept. 29 to pay, under the threat of a heavy fine. Salam had hoped to play off Tapline against I.P.C., offered it a deal. But Tapline sided with I.P.C., argued that a contract is a contract, that difficulties should be arbitrated.

Last week, with time running out, I.P.C. struck back. It announced it had abandoned plans to route the spur from Homs through Lebanon, had begun building it to the Syrian port of Banyias instead. The company also fired 120 Lebanese it had hoped to use on the new



Time Map by V. Puggioni

spur, brought anguished protests from Lebanese businessmen. Cried Right Wing Deputy Nicolas Salem: "It's easy to destroy but not everybody can build... Investors are losing faith in Lebanon."

INDUSTRY

A Case for Lower Tariffs

After a three-year study of eight tariff-protected U.S. industries, Economist Percy W. Bidwell concluded last week that gradual but deep tariff cuts would not hurt U.S. industry as a whole and would damage only the marginal producers in import-sensitive industries. "Most of these industries," he wrote, "have been in long-term declines and are characterized by weak financial situations, severe seasonal or cyclical unemployment and wages below the national levels." Bringing down the tariff walls could channel U.S. capital and labor into more productive endeavor.

Bidwell's book, *What the Tariff Means to American Industries*, was sponsored by the nonpartisan Council on Foreign Relations. To get the facts on both sides of the tariff story, Bidwell assembled a standing team of 28 top bankers, educators, editors, businessmen, government officials, and had them scrimmage in round-table discussions with leaders of the eight industries: iron and steel, synthetic chemicals, electrical equipment, watches, bicycles, chinaware, glassware, woollens. Represented were both ardent protectionists and advocates of free trade.

Foreign Scapegoats. Tariffs have been halved in the past generation, Bidwell acknowledged, and an increasing majority of U.S. businessmen favor still more slicing. However, Bidwell observed, "when business is bad, American firms are tempted to make a scapegoat of foreign competition, although their difficulties may have arisen principally from domestic causes."

Tariffs only encourage sliding, inefficient manufacturers to continue in uneconomic industries that require federal protection, says the study. In effect, they are subsidized by consumers. In the mass-production industries, where U.S. wages are far above world scales, Bidwell found that the U.S. worker usually so outproduces



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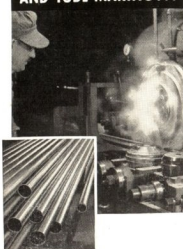
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IN ELECTRIC-WELD PIPE AND TUBE MAKING...



Yoder Leads the Way to higher speeds and quality at lower cost

In the short period from 1938 to 1955, the production of electric welded pipe and tubing grew from 269,000 tons to over 3,000,000 tons. This phenomenal rate of growth—over two and one-half times faster than that of the pipe and tube making industry as a whole—to a large extent resulted from a series of important improvements in tube mill design, all introduced by Yoder.

First came the Yoder rotating welding transformer, in 1938. The economic and other benefits conferred by this epoch making innovation were further augmented by other technological advances scored by Yoder in the years that followed. The result was that electric-weld pipe and tube making became the child prodigy of the fast growing pipe and tube making industry.

Latest of these developments is the induction welding at high speeds of aluminum, magnesium, brass, nickel, monel, and other non-ferrous metals and alloys. This process is especially economical for making light and medium gauge tubes in sizes up to 8 in. diameter.

More complete information may be had by asking for any of the following publications:

- ☐ Resistance-Weld Mills for Making Steel Tubing up to 4" diameter.
- ☐ Induction-Weld Mills for Making Non-ferrous Tubing.
- ☐ Resistance-Weld Mills for Steel Pipe in sizes up to 24" diameter.

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low-paid foreign workers that most tariffs and other import restrictions can be safely eliminated. Even in handwork industries, where the cost of labor makes up a large share of the product cost, he concluded that the tariff does little more than bail out the marginal producer.

In the U.S. china-tableware industry, Bidwell noted, labor is 60% of the wholesale price of the final product. Long protected by a high tariff, this industry never got even a 5% foothold in the domestic market until World War II blocked imports. Now it demands continuing protection to keep output at wartime levels.

Defense Dogma. What about the industry that insists that it is vital to national defense? The watch manufacturers won't increase up to 50% in 1954 on the argument that the U.S. has to maintain at least 4,000 watchmakers to turn out military timing devices in case of war. Yet Bidwell found that domestic production of sensitive jeweled watches continued to slump even after the tariff rise, and "it is doubtful whether the present level of import duties will guarantee that watches will be produced at a level which defense authorities would consider adequate." In any case, he said, a high tariff is not the best way to protect the industry. In its place the U.S. should choose the lesser evil of paying government subsidies to makers, just as some airlines and shipowners are subsidized as a defense necessity. Thus watch prices would drop to the world-market level, and the cost of supporting a defense industry would be placed where it belongs—with the taxpayers, not watch buyers.

WALL STREET

We, the People

To Wall Streeters, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, the world's biggest brokerage house, has long been known as "We, the People." "The Thundering Herd," "Bureau of Missing Persons." A supermarket of finance with 104 partners in 110 cities, Merrill Lynch handles everything from commodities to 10% of all trading on the New York Stock Exchange. Founder Charles Edward Merrill always took the gags as a compliment. Over the years, his driving ambition was to convince the small investor that he should buy a stake in the U.S. economy. Said Merrill: "America's industrial machine is owned at the grass roots, where it should be, and not in some mythical Wall Street."

Prophet & Savior. Charlie Merrill did not start out to bring Main Street to Wall Street. The son of a Florida country doctor, he spent two years at Amherst College, quit to work for Eastman, Dillon & Co. Later he set up his own firm, then teamed up with Edmund C. Lynch. As an underwriter and investment banker, Merrill Lynch helped set up such big chain-store operations as S.S. Kresge, Grand Union and Safeway Stores. As brokers, Merrill Lynch & Co. also built up a sizable business during the roaring '20s.

If other brokers thought the good times would last forever, Charlie Merrill saw the



Otto Hugel—FORTUNE
MERRILL LYNCH'S MERRILL
He brought Main to Wall.

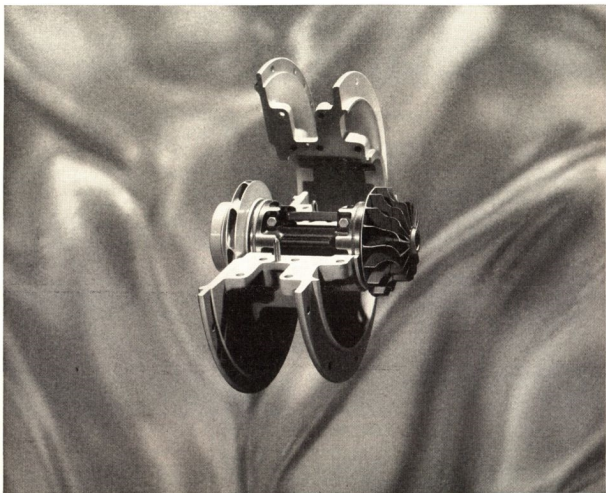
1929 crash coming, urged customers to put their financial houses in order. When the crash came, some of Merrill Lynch's customers went broke, but others, who had taken Charlie Merrill's advice, saved an estimated \$6,000,000. Merrill's firm was rock solid. Yet Merrill was so depressed by the sorry state of the industry that he transferred much of his capital and customers to E. A. Pierce, one of the biggest wire houses, for nearly ten years restricted himself to piling up a fortune (once estimated at well over \$5,000,000) in investment banking.

People often thought Charlie Merrill spent his wealth as fast as he made it. He cut a wide swath through international café society, loved good food and champagne. He owned three luxurious homes (in Palm Beach, Fla., Southampton, L.I., and Barbados), and embarked on an equal number of marriages.

Confidence & Growth. In 1938 Charlie Merrill went back to the brokerage business. Combining first with Pierce, later with Brokers Charles Erasmus Fenner and Alpheus Crosby Beane, he set out to help rebuild U.S. confidence in stocks by offering investors the most conservative advice, cutting out service fees. In 1941 alone, Merrill Lynch's brokers gave lectures to 30,000 women in 65 cities, spent some \$400,000 on advertising.

In 1944 Merrill suffered a heart attack, which gradually slowed him to a point where he went into semi-retirement. Though he was a rich man with a 20% interest in his firm (which he left in trust to colleges, churches and hospitals), he never retired entirely. Last week, at 70, Charlie Merrill died in his sleep at his Southampton home. Recently he gave one of his last bits of advice to Main Street: "I think every American would do well to invest one-twelfth of his investable funds monthly in stocks over the next five years."

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TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1956

ISOTOPES, INDUSTRY... and INSURANCE

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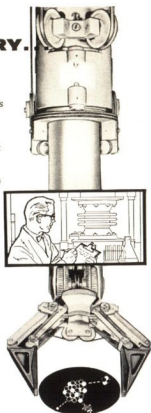


FOR THE PHILIPPINES: ANOTHER FAMOUS FLEET

The Philippines have long been a rendezvous for the greatest ships, the most venturesome seafarers of their times... Magellan and his *Trinidad*; Dewey and the *U.S.S. Olympia*; and today the luxury liners, *Presidents Cleveland* and *Wilson*, with their company of adventure-seeking cruise guests. These "Presidents" sail for Hawaii and the Orient every 3 weeks, also provide express cargo service to and from the United States. Your Forwarder or Travel Agent has details and schedules.

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UNITED COMMUNITY CAMPAIGNS

MILESTONES

Born. To Leopold III, 54, onetime (1934-51) King of the Belgians, and his morganatic second wife, Marie Liliane, Princess de Réthy, 38: a second daughter, third child (his sixth); at their Chateau de Laeken, near Brussels. Name: Maria-Esmeralda Adélaïde Lilian Anne Léopoldine. Weight: 7 lbs. 6 oz.

Married. Ken Rosewall, 21, freckled Australian tennis prodigy who startled tennis handicappers in 1952 by upsetting U.S. Davis Cup Captain Vic Seixas in the U.S. Nationals, last month won the U.S. championship; and Wilma McIver, 22, movie theater receptionist; in Brisbane.

Divorced. Martha Raye, fortyish, frenetic TV comedienne (*The Martha Raye Show*); by her fifth husband, long-named TV Chorus Boy Edward Thomas Begley, 32; after two years of marriage, no children; in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico.

Died. Michel Detroyat, 50, flamboyant French stunt pilot who in 1932 set a record for flying upside down (26 min. 2.4 sec.), later (1936) became the first foreigner to win the U.S.'s Thompson Trophy race (at a record 264.261 m.p.h.); of a cerebral embolism; in Paris.

Died. Sir Charles Richard Fairey, 69, burly, towering (6 ft. 6 in.) British yachtsman who founded (1916) the Fairey Aviation Co., Ltd., built seaplanes and fighters during World War I, developed Britain's first all-metal plane, pioneered in aircraft streamlining, won a knighthood (1942), later (March 1956) saw a Fairey Delta 2 jet push the world's official speed record for conventional planes to 1,132 m.p.h.; of a heart ailment; in London.

Died. Janet Allen Walker, 70, onetime vaudeville singer who warbled *Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?*, later (1912) married the song's Greenwich Village lyricist, James J. ("Jimmy") Walker, onetime (1925-32) musicomedy mayor of New York, divorced him in 1933, retired to Miami Beach and opened a religious bookshop, had monthly requiem Masses said for Jimmy after his death in 1946; of cancer; in Miami Beach.

Died. Captain Alfred Hart Miles, U.S.N. (ret.), 72, co-author (with Royal Lovell, Charles A. Zimmerman) of the Annapolis song *Anchors Aweigh*; in a fall at his home; in Norfolk, Va.

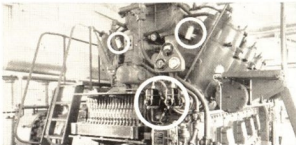
Died. Albert Von Tilzer, 78 (born Gumm), longtime artisan of Tin Pan Alley, who wrote (1908) *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* (with Lyricist Jack Norworth), reputedly did not see a baseball game until 20 years later, also turned out *Heart of My Heart*, *I'll Be with You in Apple Blossom Time* and *Oh How She Could Yacki Hacki Wicki Woo!*; in Los Angeles.



At Thule, Greenland, 900 miles from the pole, thirty Ingersoll-Rand diesels with Bendix fuel injection generate all electric power for this U. S. Air Force base.



Sun Oil Company reports greatly reduced maintenance costs since installing Bendix magnetos and coils (circled) at Marcus Hook refinery.



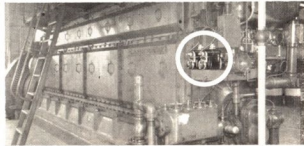
This giant Cooper-Bessemer with Bendix magnetos and high-output coils is used in the oil fields at a pipeline station where dependability is so important.



Sixteen-year-old dredge "Port Arthur" reports 75 percent savings since installation of new Nordberg Diesel with Bendix fuel-injection equipment.



Dozens of shortline railroads using 75- and 90-ton General Electric road switchers with Cooper-Bessemer engines also endorse Bendix diesel injection.



This Worthington natural gas engine with Bendix magnetos is on 24-hour duty helping generate electric power for boom-town, Farmington, N. M.

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Above are six different jobs done by industrial engines—a small sample of countless rugged, essential tasks these work horses perform around the clock. Two Bendix contributions to this field are magnetos and coils for all types of spark-ignited engines and fuel-injection equipment for diesels. Whichever type engines you use, specify this Bendix equipment because of its cost-cutting ability and outstanding reliability.

Both products are made by Bendix Scintilla Division, Sidney, N. Y. Scintilla is the world's foremost producer

of ignition systems for all types of aircraft; makes other magnetos for small industrial engines, outboard motors, power mowers, etc.; offers a wide range of quality electrical connectors in regular and pygmy sizes for many uses; builds ground and airborne ignition analyzers and many other products.

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\$1430.00

Not the suit. The Cartier silver trophy... recalled again in GGG's new Engraved Elegance collection of exclusively-loomed fabrics. Another reason why today, as in 1895, GGG clothes remain the mark of a man marked for success. For free copy of your "GGG Style Guide" and name of nearest store, write WM. P. GOLDMAN & BROS., INC., Dept. A, 12 East 14th St., New York 3, N. Y.

TUMS
for ACID INDIGESTION-
HEARTBURN
QUICK RELIEF 10¢
HANDY ROLL
Always carry Tums for top-speed relief of acid distress. No mixing, no waiting. Take Tums anywhere.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Writer, flier, wife of a famous man, Anne Morrow Lindbergh has lived an outward life that sets her apart from most women. The compelling story of her inner life—her search for spiritual freedom in the midst of daily distractions—is featured in October *McCall's*.

McCall's

The magazine of Togetherness
reaching more than 4,750,000 families

Ex-Partners

When Hollywood partners part, they often do it with a bang. Author Ben Hecht and Cinemactor Bob Hope were partners in M-G-M's *The Iron Petticoat*, a Ni-notchka-type farce co-starring Hope and Katharine Hepburn. The script by Hecht tells of a Russian aviatrix who flees the Soviet Union in a MIG and is piloted about Europe by a U.S. Air Force officer. Now that *The Iron Petticoat* is ready to be publicized, Scripter Hecht last week washed his hands of the whole project in a paid ad (\$275) on the back page of the *Hollywood Reporter*. It read:

"My dear Partner Bob Hope:

"This is to notify you that I have removed my name as author from our mutilated venture. *The Iron Petticoat*.

"Unfortunately your other partner, Katharine Hepburn, can't shy out of the fractured picture with me.

"Although her magnificent comic performance has been blow-torched out of the film, there is enough left of the Hepburn footage to identify her for her sharpshooters.

"I am assured by my hopeful predators that *The Iron Petticoat* will go over big with people who can't get enough of Bob Hope."

"Let us hope this swooning contingent is not confined to yourself and your euphoric agent, Louis Shurr."

[Signed] BEN HECHT"

Replied Hope in another full-page *Reporter* ad:

"My dear Ex-Partner Ben:

"You once wrote *The Front Page*, and now you've followed it up with the back page.

"The first thing I did on hearing of your withdrawal from *The Iron Petticoat* was to seek out my other fan, Dr. Shurr.

"I went down to the tank* and handed him your ad. He read it under water and came up with this comment: 'The billing is now strengthened.'

"I am most understanding. The way things are going you simply can't afford to be associated with a hit.

"As for Kate Hepburn. I don't think she was depressed with the preview audience rave about her performance.

"Let's do all our correspondence this way in print. It lifts *The Iron Petticoat*.

BOB (Blow-Torch) HOPE"

The New Pictures

The Power and the Prize (M-G-M), like *Executive Suite* and *Patterns*, starts out as if it were really going to explain the difference between the American Way of Life and the Normal Course of Business. Unfortunately, the story goes on a bromide jag.

"What's necessary for Amalgamated," Tycoon Burl Ives harrumphs as the story

* Shurr was tossed into a pool with British Cinemactress Diana Dors at her recent party (*Time*, Sept. 3).



A cleverly designed aluminum houseboat is the answer for modern vagabonds . . . mobility, leisure, comfort—and the barest minimum of upkeep

New: A Low-cost Holiday House Afloat

Have a trace of gypsy blood? Here's a vacation house that can wander with you. It's built almost entirely of non-corroding aluminum—so it's practically maintenance-free. And aluminum's lightweight strength makes for roominess never before possible at so modest a cost.

Like these houseboats, thousands of other imaginative products of aluminum are manufactured today by a growing number of independent fabricators. This vigorous new industry relies on a steady supply of primary aluminum. One-fifth

of the free world's supply comes from Canada, where wilderness watersheds provide the staggering amounts of electricity needed to smelt aluminum.

Hydropower is one of Canada's great natural resources—and aluminum ingot is an ideal way to share it. That's why Canada smelts nearly 7 times the aluminum it needs at home . . . helping conserve electricity for power-hungry U. S.

factories and earning dollars to help make Canada by far the best customer of the United States. Now Aluminium Limited, the world's second largest producer, is engaged in today's biggest aluminum expansion program.

Aluminium Limited, Montreal: one of North America's great aluminum producers. In New York: Aluminium Limited, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave.

Aluminum from Canada

Aluminium Limited's mammoth underground turbines at Kemano tap the latent hydropower of a reservoir the size of Connecticut to

operate the company's great Kitimat smelter. This source of aluminum has become increasingly important to thousands of U. S. factories.





Born 1820...still going strong



Red Label—Black Label—both 86.8 proof.

MEET A GREAT SCOT! Johnnie Walker is the toast of people of good taste. At their clubs, in their homes, he's always present. Join Johnnie Walker's wide circle of friends. You'll enjoy a Scotch of natural lightness and truly superb flavour. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer.*

JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky*

gets going. "is necessary for her!" Actor Ives is Amalgamated, her is his niece, and the man he is speaking to is Robert Taylor, vice chairman of the board. What the boss is trying to say is that Taylor, who is about to amalgamate with Little Miss Amalgamated, had better go to London first and tie up that \$40 million deal with Carew, Ltd. "Believe me, Cliff," says Industrialist Ives with deep feeling, "the men who saved the world were never stopped by the Ten Commandments." Cliff replies with equally deep feeling: "I hope the day will come, sir, when I can be as truthful as that." Off he goes, looking smug, to save the world for the stockholders.

The next part of the picture is apparently intended to suggest that a businessman's profit is apt to be without honor,



ELISABETH MUELLER & ROBERT TAYLOR
In the humble pie, a dead duck.

especially in another country; that it is, in effect, bad diplomacy and even worse business to make a dollar and lose a friend. Perhaps no one will argue the point, but every American is entitled to resent the way the point is made. Scriptwriter Robert Ardrey, who worked from the novel by Howard Swiggett, unfortunately felt obliged to revive an ancient canard that has been a dead duck for a long time. Americans, the script suggests, are rich but vulgar; Europeans are poor but cultured.

Hero Taylor, at any rate, has a mighty appetite for humble pie. Every time the Englishman (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) gives him the time of day, the American lowers his eyes and smiles shyly, as if filled with gratitude and the sense of his own unworthiness. And when he meets the European Woman (Elisabeth Mueller), the young wolf of Wall Street stands there with his tail between his legs, like an Iowa farm boy suddenly confronted with Madame de Staël. The lady is obviously intelligent, or so the scriptwriter seems to



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Here's a new kind of insurance... tailored just for your growing family's needs... Bankers Life "Flexible." You get protection and security now, when you need it most. As your requirements change later on, your policy converts without lump-sum payment to provide additional "living benefits"—college for the children... paid-up insurance... retirement for you and your wife... or other special needs. What's more, the

converted policy rates are guaranteed in advance when you take out the policy.

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think, because she never stops talking. She must be cultured because she pounds incessantly on a piano. And she has certainly known life because—as she informs the hero in the first few minutes of their acquaintance—she was naturally against Hitler, and spent three years in a concentration camp. The implication is that the average American girl could be considerably improved by the regular application of a rubber truncheon. Some may agree, but the heroine of this picture is not much of an advertisement for the method. Essentially, she is just one more gabby, opinionated woman, and whether from Pilsen or Pawtucket, she seems a bit of a bore.

Anyway, Taylor takes her home and together they undertake to save American Big Business from a danger that has not seriously threatened it for a generation: the reign of the robber baron. For a while Taylor has to suffer an angry case of Ives, but in the end everybody agrees that "when power comes to exist for itself, it becomes a losing proposition."

The Grand Maneuver [U.M.P.O.]. "Love," René Clair announced recently, "is a very serious matter." To prove his point, Director Clair offered this picture, which happily proves nothing—except that Clair is as good as he ever was. In 34 years he has made more than 20 movies, and most of them (*The Million*, *The Italian Straw Hat*, *The Ghost Goes West*, *Beauties of the Night*) are lovely things—as breezy as a Paris gutter, as delicate as a young French pea. This one is no exception.

Remember the cavalry? This is a story about what it used to do when it was not chasing the enemy. It was chasing girls. The French cavalry was particularly well trained in this peacetime maneuver, and of all the young French officers none was more swift, more sure in the pursuit than Lieut. Armand de la Verne (Gérard Philipe) of the 33rd Dragoons. Cocksure he was, and one day he laid a bet he could have any woman in town within a month—put their names in a hat and take your pick.

Depend upon it—depend upon René Clair—that young devil had the luck of the draw. She was a pretty little milliner (Michele Morgan) from Paris. Not even a husband to worry about, and only one lover (Jean Desailly). The lieutenant gave chase—and right there his luck gave out. He met her at a ball; she was distant. He asked if he might take her home; she refused. He followed her anyway; she shut the door in his face. He crept into her boudoir; her lover came calling before anything could happen. In the church, in the park, at the theater—she escaped him every time, and every time she escaped him, the hunter was hotter for his sport. Until suddenly he knew that the chase was over; he had been caught. He was in love.

What happened then? What happened when he told her? What happened when her lover found out? When the colonel found out? When the town found out? When the lady herself found out about



George C. Holt, Vice President—Sales, Waterman Pen Company, Inc.

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G RARD PHILIPPE & MICHELE MORGAN
Out of the hat, into the boudoir.

the bet? Something very French, some-
thing subtly exciting to watch. And the
excitement is made more exquisite by the
sensitive way the director resolves music
and color (nobody could guess that he is
working with color for the first time),
actor and setting, sophisticated laughter
and simple sadness in a limpid mood that
lies somewhere between innocence and ex-
perience, heartache and heartache. It is
the mood that is created by many Renais-
sance love songs, and Ren  Clair sings
it as sweetly as Ronsard.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Yang Kwei Fei. A Japanese interpreta-
tion of an old Chinese legend, as slow but
sometimes as beautiful as a pipe dream
(TIME, Oct. 1).

Lust for Life. Perhaps the finest film
biography of an artist (Vincent van Gogh)
ever made in Hollywood; almost a hun-
dred of Van Gogh's paintings are shown
in full, fulminating color on the screen;
with Kirk Douglas (TIME, Sept. 24).

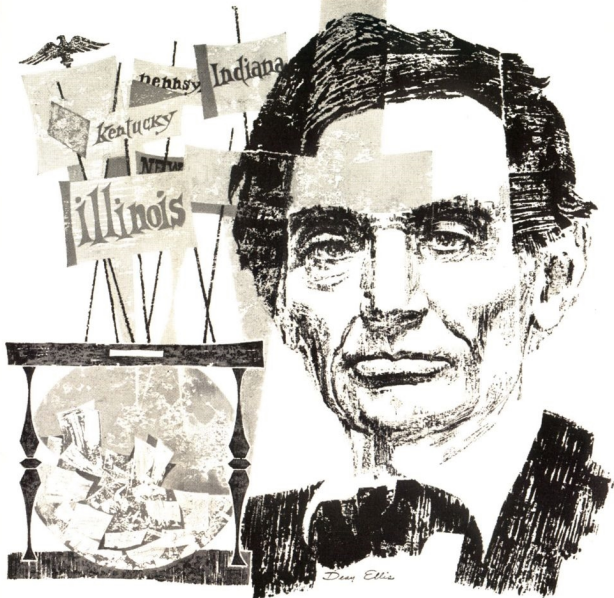
War and Peace. An uneven but bri-
lliantly pictorial treatment of Tolstoy's
great novel, with some of the best battle
pieces ever seen on film; with Henry
Fonda, Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer
(TIME, Sept. 10).

Bus Stop. Don Murray ropes, brands
and corrals expert Comedienne Marilyn
Monroe in a rowdy version of William
Inge's Broadway hit (TIME, Sept. 3).

Somebody Up There Likes Me. The
punch-to-puncher saga of ex-Middleweight
Champion Rocky Graziano; with Paul
Newman and Pier Angeli (TIME, July 23).

The King and I. The lavish musical
version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein
Broadway hit, with Yul Brynner and De-
borah Kerr (TIME, July 16).

Moby Dick. Captain Ahab harrows the
oceans in his search for the great white
whale; with Gregory Peck, Richard Base-
hart, Orson Welles (TIME, July 9).



110 VOTES FOR MR. LINCOLN FOR VICE PRESIDENT

It was 1856, a year of beginnings . . . A new political party had just been born, and even beyond the boundaries of Illinois, people began to talk of Abraham Lincoln, one of the party's new leaders. And that year at the Republican national convention Abraham Lincoln received 110 votes on a preliminary ballot for the vice-presidential nomination.

That year, too, there was another, less noticeable, beginning when William H. Rand opened a printing shop in Chicago. It was the beginning of Rand McNally.

Today, one hundred years later, we can remember the voice of the country lawyer from Illinois: "I think we have an ever growing interest in maintaining the free institutions of our country." That is the eternal crisis of democracy. And in 1956, as in 1856, free men still struggle to maintain their democratic institutions.

Rand McNally, now in its second hundred years, continues to march with these free men — with enthusiasm and with faith in freedom's future.



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TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1956

115

LOOKING SOUTH



SOUTHERN CATTLE graze on lush "permanent" pastures that will be green long after snow blankets fields elsewhere. Beef herds in Alabama, Georgia, Florida and Mississippi have grown 25% to 17½

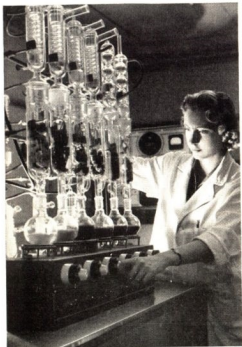
million head in just five years; value-on-the-hoof has increased from \$237 million in 1946 to \$418 million now. Result: farm incomes are up and meat packers, old and new, are doing a brisk business.

The march of the South has just begun!

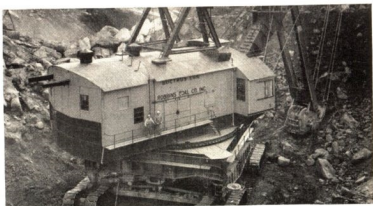
THE REASONS for the amazing growth of the Southland are easy to understand. Incomes are up here . . . the rate of growth is greater than that of the nation as a whole . . . and increased incomes mean greater buying power. Southern producers, and producers all over the nation who sell to the South, have felt this increasing demand and have taken steps to meet it by expanding present plants or building new ones here. Still more employment results, incomes continue to grow . . . the cycle recurs.

The operating companies of The Southern Company system have taken a leading part in promoting the growth of the area, and have provided ample electric power to meet all the needs of expanding industry and better living.

The march has just begun . . . the last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South!



TOMORROW'S TEXTILES are in test tubes at the Shawmut, Alabama Research Division of West Point Manufacturing Company. The West Point lab developed the Micronaire method of measuring fineness of raw cotton fibers, now used around the world.



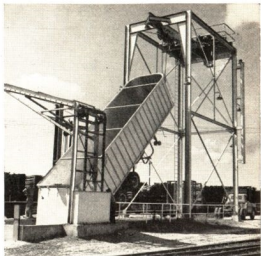
UNCOVERING COAL 100 feet underground is the job of this mammoth machine at the Robbins Coal Co. strip mine, near Oneonta, Alabama. Shovel moves 23,000 tons of rock and dirt a day. Alabama's 266 mines produce over a million tons of coal a month; it is transported to markets by rail, barge and truck. The South's largest coal user is The Southern Company system.



THE CLOISTER, on Georgia's historic Sea Island, is just one of hundreds of coast line resorts in Dixie that stay open the year around. Guests, including more than 2,000 honeymooners a year, come from all parts of the nation. Nearby attractions are Ft. Frederica ruins, and Christ Church where John Wesley was once pastor.



THREE QUARTS A SECOND pass through this "closing machine" at the Standard Oil canning plant, Panama City, Florida. The plant's lubrication oil storage capacity is 1,435,900 gals. Erected to supply Southern markets, Standard Oil has increased plant capacity 50% in 6 years.



TRUCK TRAILER dumps wood chips at the first Masonite plant, Laurel, Miss. Here, 3,000 employees, farmers, other suppliers share \$23 million a year. New \$14 million plant expansion will increase production 25%. Masonite is the world's largest hardboard producer.

ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION PHOTO



RAMBLIN' WRECKS from Georgia Tech make mighty good engineers. Last season, Tech's Varsity scored scholastically higher than the all-student average. Georgia Institute of Technology, Atlanta, is just one of 15 major schools in the Southeast training engineers for jobs in industry.

Shaded section designates area served by the four investor-owned electric power companies in The Southern Company system.

THE SOUTHERN COMPANY



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Atlanta, Georgia
Gulf Power Company
Pensacola, Florida
Mississippi Power Company
Gulfport, Mississippi

Molten Gloom

MALONE DIES (120 pp.)—Samuel Beckett—Grove Press (\$1.25).

"The problem of the 19th century was the death of God," say France's existentialist intellectuals. "The problem of the 20th century is the death of man." Most of the writings of 50-year-old, Paris-dwelling Irish Expatriate Samuel Beckett (*Waiting for Godot*) are opaque obituaries of humanity. Written in a kind of Joycean code, they are further complicated by a neo-Cartesian quest for identity, the logic of which runs: "I cannot think and do not know, therefore I am—or am I?" In his play *Waiting for Godot*, this intellectual razzle-dazzle bewildered theatergoers, delighted highbrows and kept critics lunging desperately for underlying meanings. *Malone Dies* will furrow many another critical brow, but few will quarrel with the author's description of his hero's basic condition: "molten gloom."

The Tepid Street Cleaner. The current gloom began with *Molloy*, first of a trilogy of novels (*Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, *The Unnamable*) written in French and published in France between 1951 and 1953. In *Molloy*, published in the U.S. last year, the hero is a cripple who tries to cross a forest to get home to his mother and has some scabrous sexual encounters en route. Malone is headed for a more universal home, the grave. Indeed, all that can be said with certainty about the plot of *Malone Dies* is that Malone does die.

The transmutations, even of identity, are continuous, and Malone has at least three names before he is done in. As the novel begins, he is lying in a hospital room which is sometimes an asylum cell. He may be 100 years old, though "I call

myself an octogenarian," and he has the ageless "sickness unto death" of total despair. In his past life he has apparently been a street cleaner and may have been a murderer, but his only present concern is to be "neither hot nor cold any more, I shall be tepid, I shall die tepid."

Alias Sapo. In his tepid way, he tells himself little stories to while away the time. Or perhaps he writes them, since he keeps the stub of a pencil, sharpened at both ends, and a notebook in his room. One story concerns Mr. Saposcat (Sapo for short, and Homo sapiens, of course) and his wife, who worry about whether their teen-age son will pass some sort of exam. Another is about a farm family that happens to bury a mule. Even though Malone becomes Saposcat temporarily, these episodes dribble into nothingness in keeping with Beckett's conviction that life is essentially non-sense.

In his person as the "I" of the novel, Malone hears a "vast continual buzzing" in his ears and lapses into a kind of catatonic trance, in which he dimly realizes that the nurse-attendant is no longer bringing his soup or emptying the chamber pot. Finally, in the everyday guise of a man named Macmann, the hero is beaten with a stick by an asylum attendant and eventually dies.

Castaway's Vision. Such vitality as this strange and fitful novel possesses comes from Beckett's images of defeat, e.g., a bum transixed on a city bench, a dog too weak to follow his master's steps, and from his hero's sometimes poignant inability to cope with events or comprehend reality: "I say living without knowing what it is. I tried to live without knowing what I was trying. Perhaps I have lived after all, without knowing." As a craftsman, Beckett tries to convey the chaotic by means of the incoherent, and fails. He possesses fierce intellectual honesty, and his prose has a bare, involuted rhythm that is almost hypnotic. Yet, in the end, his derelict's vision of humanity is that of the prideful or fearful castaway who reduces the meaning of all life to the cramped island of self.

Prodigious Belcher

KING OF PARIS (504 pp.)—Guy Endore—Simon & Schuster (\$4).

Three roaring literary lions bestrode the narrow Paris of the mid-19th century. All three wrote enormously, loved widely, spent wildly. Honoré de Balzac was the greatest novelist. Victor Hugo was the greatest poet. Alexandre Dumas père ate the most.

The brothers Goncourt described Dumas once: "a kind of a giant with the hair of a Negro, the salt beginning to mix with the pepper, and with little blue eyes buried in his flesh like those of a hippopotamus, clear and mischievous; and an enormous moon face, exactly the way the cartoonists loved to draw him . . . You sense at once the showman of freaks and



AUTHOR DUMAS
Reconciled in his wife's bed.

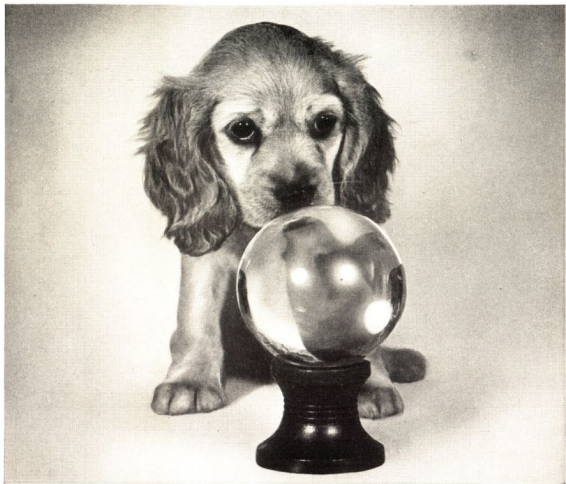
prodigies, the vendor of wonders; the traveling salesman for the Arabian nights." At all hours of the day and night, Dumas shoveled food into himself as into a coke furnace. Groaning from violent stomach cramps and unable to sleep, Dumas had no option but to go to work "with both hands, one hand writing as fast as it could, while the other was massaging his belly and coaxing from deep within him one lugubrious belch after another." His doctor put him on a diet (cold beef, olive oil, milk, cucumber salad, thrice daily, with hot chocolate between meals), but Dumas' eructations were so little lessened that he returned to his favorite, bouillabaisse. Dumas cooked this dish himself and liked to down six helpings of it at a sitting. A doctor who partook of it once spooned some of the juice into his pocket flask, explaining he could use it to scorch off warts.

The reality of the great Dumas' life was so fantastic that Dumas' friends and enemies caught its contagion and piled reams of further fantasy upon it. Dumas' chest really was covered with medals (of what orders, he never cared), so up sprang the legend that if Dumas were spun round, further rows were revealed dangling from his back. He wrote with such rapidity that people refused to believe that he wrote at all—Dumas, they said, was just the pen name of a five-man syndicate. Dumas (who loved to out-legend his own legends) denied this. "My valet," he said, "used to write [my books] for me, but he now pretends that he is also capable of signing them with his own name, so of course I had to dismiss him."

As a result it is almost impossible to know what is true or false about most of Dumas' life. His autobiography is no help: over 1,000,000 words in length, it covers



AUTHOR BECKETT
Cramped in an island of self.



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--- Mary Lou

P.S. The girls just
naved about it!!!

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only the early years of his career. Now Scriptwriter Guy Endore (who, according to his blurb, "reminded his classmates of the young Shelley") solves the problem by arguing that the legends help to reveal the man. He has collected them all into a gigantic bouillabaisse of a book which gives the impression of being organized by an excited jackdaw. It is called a novel, presumably to allow the author to use any colorful incident he chose without the hampering need for accuracy. The fact that Dumas survives Author Endore's treatment is decisive proof that even a bad biography cannot destroy a really great man.

Dumas was the son of a gallant mulatto general,* a gigantic man who measured more round the calf than his wife did round her waist. Napoleon admired him. But when the general criticized him to his face, Napoleon flew into a rage and uttered the fateful words: "I never want to see or hear that man's name!" Son Alexandre inherited his disappointed father's huge frame, his Creole hair and skin, and a roistering penchant for dueling. But his career began humbly enough, with a job as a royal copyist under the Duke of Orleans. According to legend, he paid his way to Paris by winning 600 glasses of absinthe from an innkeeper at billiards, then exchanging his prize for cash.

The Paris in which Copyist Dumas soon became an author was an astonishing city of high living, wild revelry and the can-can. Its morals could be summed up in a cartoon of the times that showed a husband drawing a pistol on his wife's lover, while the lady screamed: "Have mercy on the father of your children!"

Authors Hugo, Balzac and Dumas did their best to set the tone, worked prodigiously to keep abreast of the time's fickle fancy. Balzac wrote so much that after his death his manuscripts were reportedly used for wrapping marmalade. Dumas' output was so enormous that when he lost a full-length play, he had no recollection of what it had been about. Nor did he care. He could (and did) write a novel in three days, a one-act comedy during a break in an afternoon's partridge shooting. He was not a fussy man, and he wrote on order a bestselling guide to Egypt, packed with breathless descriptions of his climbing of the pyramids and swimming in the Nile, without ever bothering to set foot in Egypt. His first grand success, the romantic drama *Henri III*—in which the bruises of passion on the heroine's milky shoulders cleverly turned black and blue before the audience's popping eyes—created such consternation that mother Dumas suffered a near-fatal stroke before the curtain had even gone up. Wrote one British critic: "From Dumas dates the inundation of the French theater with a bloody spate of

* Dumas grand-père, the first of the three Alexandre Dumas. Dumas père added to the confusion by naming his illegitimate son Alexandre (Dumas fils); he became in turn a writer, is best remembered for that durable tearjerker, *La Dame aux Camélias* (Camille).



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slaughterings, incests, adulteries, violations, secret accouchements . . ."

Dumas' plays are rarely seen today. The shorter dramas are eight hours long; the longer ones, three nights. Scores of actors have to be kept running up and down the aisles and fighting duels in the boxes. Moreover, Dumas (as his enemies said) probably did write large parts of his works with a pair of scissors, cutting sections from the works of Schiller, Goethe, Shakespeare, Lope de Vega and Hugo. To the critic who first pointed this out, Dumas graciously sent a huge pair of shears, along with a note urging the critic to try his hand with them.

Dumas' masterpieces, *The Three Musketeers* and *The Count of Monte-Cristo*, were pen-written as newspaper serials, and over the period of the same year. At one time, Dumas was writing installments alternately on *Count* and *Musketeers*. In his old age, according to Endore, Dumas regretted that he had never found time to read them; everyone else seemed to have done so. Throughout France people clustered to await the mail coaches bringing the latest serial installments—and "Woe to the postman who had forgotten to bring [them]!" said Dumas. Prime Minister Guizot himself subscribed to the *Opposition* newspaper that ran *The Three Musketeers*, sending in his subscription with the note: "Please cancel . . . the moment the Dumas serial is concluded." King Louis Philippe was soon to hurl his daily paper to the ground, shouting: "Why, there's more in this paper about Dumas than about me!" Two anecdotes of this period must, however, be regarded as especially dubious, since they come from Dumas himself: 1) that a police rookie, taking the oath to arrest malefactors without fear or favor, was allowed to add the words "except Alexandre Dumas," 2) that Dumas' novels were used as an anesthetic by a famous surgeon: "I wait until the reader is well immersed, and then I operate freely, and never hear a murmur."

At the height of his fame, "the uncrowned King of Paris" was paid more per line than any other writer in France. His love affairs were numerous and scandalous, but his marriage was singularly shocking. His bride, plump, blonde Actress Ida Ferrier, became so fat that her skeleton was described as "the best-kept secret in Paris," so promiscuous that when Husband Dumas decided to make friends with a man he hated by shaking hands with him in a "public place" (the old Roman form of reconciliation), Ida's bed was the chosen site.

Dumas died in 1870 of apoplexy. His last major work was a cookery book of 1,179 pages, eleven of which were devoted to mustard alone. But by then he had outlived his popularity. His son emptied the old man's pockets one day, wept to find only a handful of coins. But the dying Dumas was delighted. "That's precisely the sum with which I [first] landed in Paris," he said, "Imagine: a half century of high living, and it hasn't cost me a cent!"



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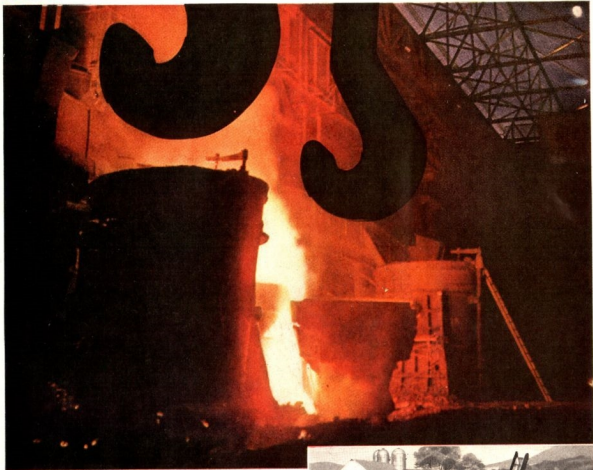


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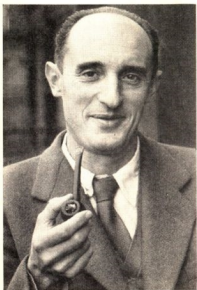
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A Man of Principle

FACE OF A HERO (221 pp.)—*Pierre Boulle*—Vanguard (\$3.50).

In the intellectual landscape created by French Novelist Boulle, the most interesting sight is a special stream of Gallic irony. His heroes drown in it before the reader's eyes, but even as they go down it is obvious that they all know how to swim. In *The Bridge Over the River Kwai* it was a British colonel whose fight for honor gave aid and comfort to the Japanese. In *Not the Glory*, it was a German spy whose best efforts aided the British. In his new novel, laid in a sleepy Provençal town among ordinary people, it



Pierre Boulle

NOVELIST BOULLE

Along a river, a stream of irony.

is a man of law twisted by circumstance to pervert his own notion of justice.

Jean Berthier is the public prosecutor of the town of Bergerane. One hot Sunday he is lying on the bank of the Rhone River, his young fiancée asleep in his arms. Brilliantly successful at 30, he is a stiff and formal fellow who would feel embarrassed just to be caught in public with his jacket off. A young girl, evidently injured in a fall from her bike, comes limping down to the river's edge. When the girl stumbles and falls into a whirlpool, all of Jean Berthier's character flaws jump into action at once. He is afraid of waking up his fiancée; she might become frightened. He is afraid to jump into the river; the whirlpool might be dangerous. He hesitates, does nothing. When his fiancée awakes, he says that he too has been asleep, and they leave.

But the young girl is found drowned. Young Vauban, a rich no-good, is picked up as a suspect. The trouble is that the innocent Vauban looks very guilty indeed—he had taken the girl out, they had quarreled, he had threatened her. But the whole countryside is sure that Vauban is

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too rich and influential to be prosecuted. This stings Prosecutor Berthier, and gradually he persuades himself that "justice" must be done. As the knowledge spreads that Berthier means to do his duty, he becomes a public hero. His girl's adoration lives in her eyes, and he knows the heady pride of a man who is honored for sticking to principle. Full of righteousness, he sets out in court to convict a man he knows to be innocent.

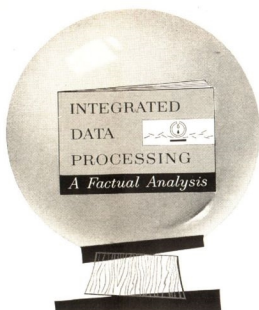
Not until the very end does *Face of a Hero* diminish in suspense. And in spite of more careless writing than Author Boule is usually guilty of, his grip on the emotions is as firm as ever—because the book is so uncomfortably a reminder of that streak of injustice that lives in every man. Until the last page Boule keeps alive the hope that the streak will subside and that conscience will triumph. As a realist—and a Frenchman—he can be let anything like that happen?

Mixed Fiction

SIX FEET OF THE COUNTRY by Nadine Gordimer (241 pp.; Simon & Schuster; \$3.50), contains two sorts of short stories, those that pack a punch and those that shade a nuance. The hard-hitting tales are about the tensions of race relations, a subject that a South African writer like 32-year-old Nadine Gordimer (*The Lying Days*) can no more evade than a tongue can skirt a newly empty tooth socket. Author Gordimer's tactic is to blanket both races in a fog of routinely benevolent relationships and then lift it suddenly, revealing the complacent whites standing on the edge of an emotional abyss. A kindly farming couple find a strange black boy dead of pneumonia. He proves to be an out-of-bounds native, and they suddenly learn that for months their farmhands have been smuggling fellow blacks into Johannesburg. "You would think they would have felt they could tell us," says the wife bewilderedly. A Johannesburg housewife is about to leave on a European vacation, leaving her children in the charge of a black "mammy." Then she learns that the trusted mammy has just strangled her own newborn baby and tossed it into a roadside ditch. Even in the stories where the meaning is caught in a web of nuance, there are still revelations. A woman determinedly denies her love to her stepchild with the noble but misguided intent of preserving the child's love for his real mother; she ends by alienating the child from both. *Enemies*, a study of the egoism of old age, suggests that the old relish nothing so much as the death of fellow oldsters.

Author Gordimer's talent is diamond-hard and diamond-bright, her craftsmanship impeccable. But the stream of life rarely flows recklessly through her pages; it is hanked, locked and graded like a smoothly run canal.

THE FIELD OF VISION, by Wright Morris (251 pp.; Harcourt, Brace; \$3.50), takes a handful of "Sears Roebuck Gothic" Midwesterners, sits them in the stands



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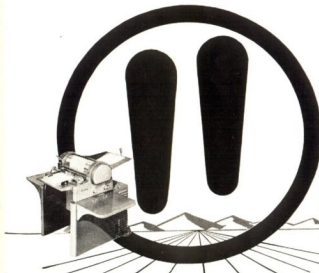
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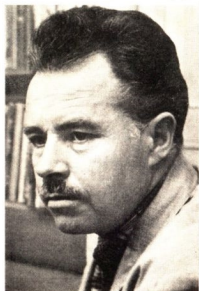
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of a Mexican bull ring, and has them re-fight the few past moments of truth in their lives. What dies in the ring is flesh; what has already perished in the stands is hope, mind and spirit. Among the fatally gored spectators: an icy arch-mom, the "chaste virginal mother of three"; her husband, a man who has transferred what little emotional-venture capital he once had into 3% matrimonial bonds; their grandson, a mobile Davy Crockett brat; a one-shot bohemian playwright who carries a pants pocket he once tore from Ty Cobb's uniform as a lucky charm; a transvestite and his keeper, a German-born quack psychoanalyst who unnerves his Midwestern patients by drowning out their confessional with his record player



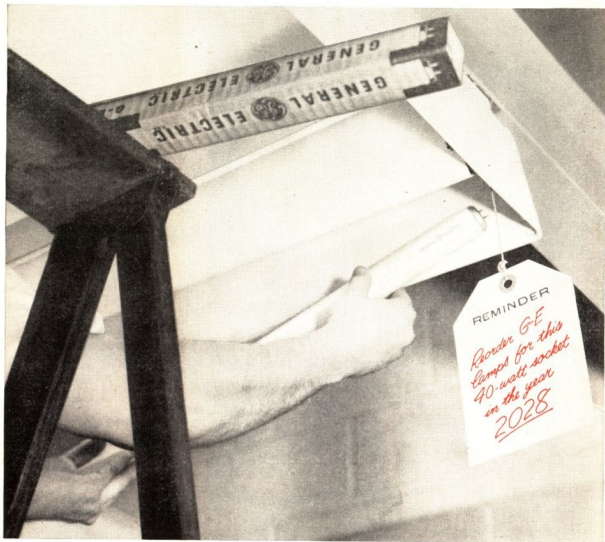
Henry Ries

NOVELIST MORRIS
The spectators were fatally gored.

and hissing: "Moww-Tzzzzzzttrrrt iss spikink."

This collection of oddballs is wryly amusing as well as highly implausible. There is no plot, and the characters impinge on each other as temperaments rather than as people. All the action is in flashback, and the key act is a long-ago kiss stolen by the playwright from the virginal mother of three, a kiss that somehow set in motion for the woman and her future husband and children that secret civil war between Puritanism and passion, a war of the blood more openly and obviously dramatized by Author Morris in the spectacle of bloodless Americans watching the bloodfest of the bull ring. Always a novelist to watch, if not to cheer, Author Morris has also captured the poignance of the lonely in the gregarious accents of Midwest speech. At novel's end there is a fracas in the bull ring, and the boy with the Davy Crockett hat touches the still-warm hide of the bull. It is the aptest symbol for what is wrong with this consistently intelligent but overly symbolized novel—still warm but, by the narrowest of margins, dead.

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MISCELLANY

Les Sylphides. In Winnipeg, after he quit as ballet master of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet because a danseuse was given too much authority, Nenad Lhotka got a job in the city's railway sheds, observed that lifting freight is "nothing compared to some of those ballerinas."

Tonight or Never. In Chicago, police juggled Herman Nolte on his wedding night after he celebrated by firing his shotgun from his front porch, stealing the squad car when cops turned up to investigate.

Pistol Stop. In Mexico City, after being arrested for shooting and wounding a streetcar motorman, Carlos Esparza Pérez explained that the motorman drove past his corner without letting him off.

Alimentary Defense. In Chillicothe, Ohio, after a judge fined him \$25 for reckless driving and revoked his license for 30 days, 81-year-old William R. Lowrey grudgingly surrendered the license to a bailiff, later snatched it back and sprinted away, was hauled back before the judge and ordered to produce the license, drew two days in jail for contempt of court when he boasted: "I ate it."

Stir Until Done. In Columbus, Ohio, released unexpectedly after serving a 30-day jail term for being drunk, Stanley James Van Sky remembered that he still had to serve ten days for contempt of court, got sozzled puzzling about it, took his problem to reporters who checked with police, who juggled him again for drunkenness while matters were being straightened out.

Rematch. In Paterson, N.J., after police tagged him for speeding, John Kamenchuk climbed back into his car, yelled, "Let's see you catch me now," collected another speeding ticket and a charge of being disorderly after an 85-m.p.h. chase.

The Long Voyage Home. In Shelburne Falls, Mass., after he had raided the Shelburne Falls V.F.W. Club on six separate nights, made off with a total of \$820, George H. Upton decided that his usual route to the club had become too risky, swam 400 ft. across the Deerfield River, clambered up a steep bank, found nothing else to steal in the clubhouse, spotted a dime that post officials had pasted on the wall "for the convenience of robbers," used it to call police, dejectedly swam back across the river, gave himself up.

And a Good Judge Too. In Dearborn, Mich., confronted with three unpaid parking tickets, Associate Municipal Judge John T. McWilliams tried his own case, found himself guilty on two counts, gave himself the choice of a \$10 fine or two days in jail, paid the fine, contested the third ticket, upheld his arguments, dismissed the charge.



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